



POISON IVY

FARGO KID

BIG TOP

REYNOLDS
OF THE
MOUNTED

ZERO

DUSTY DANE

BRUCE
BLACKBURN

FEATURE

COMICS

OCTOBER No. 49
70¢



THE DOLL MAN



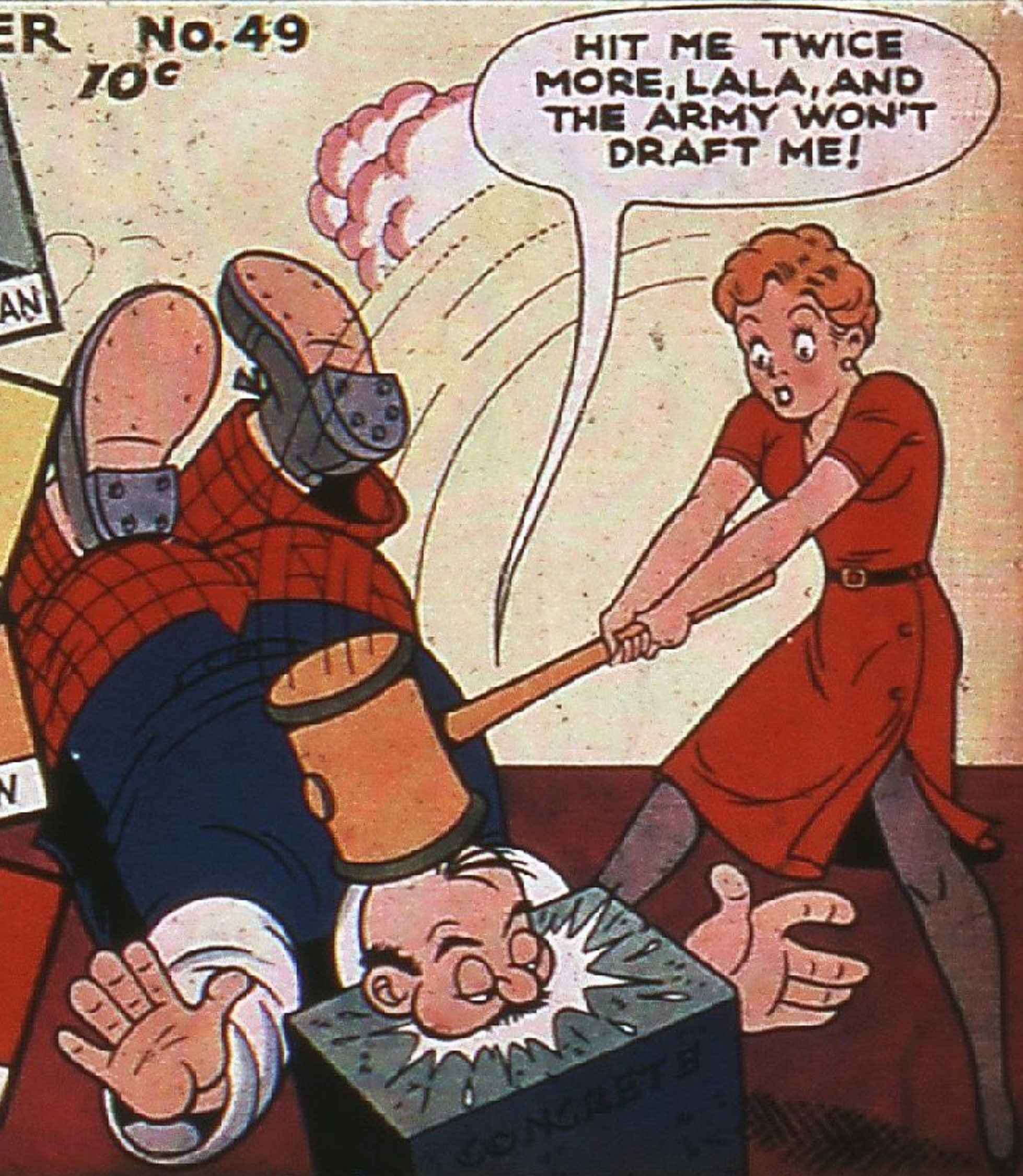
MICKEY FINN



SPIN SHAW



SAMAR





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10¢



THE DOLL MAN



MICKEY FINN



SPIN SHAW



SAMAR



How Jimmy Got His New

SCHWINN-BUILT BIKE



He filled out and sent in the coupon for the big Free Movie Cyclorama with movie stars' pictures and their favorite bikes.

Then he showed the Cyclorama to Dad and Mom. They saw the swell pictures and read all about Schwinn-Built bicycles. Schwinn Safety Brakes that stop instantly.



Gee, boys and girls! This is the bike you want—a genuine Schwinn-Built, like the big movie stars ride! Get one of those swell Movie Cyclorama books free, then show Dad and Mother the pictures and they'll see why everybody wants a Schwinn-Built bike! Boy, what a bike! Rides so slick, pedals so easy, with many exclusive accessories—built-in Cyclock, Spring Fork, safe, fast-stopping Fore-Wheel Brake, big Lights—and built so strong it's **GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!** 37 different models—and honestly, they are all tops! All Schwinn-Built bicycles are built to order and there's a model exactly suited to your needs, regardless of your size or age. So hurry!—send the coupon on a penny postcard today, for your **FREE** Movie Cyclorama, to help you get a Schwinn-Built of your own.

SEND FOR YOUR

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MOVIE CYCLORAMA

—with big colored pictures of Buck Jones, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Constance Bennett, and other movie stars, and latest Schwinn-Built models. Just paste coupon on a postcard and sign your name and address. Arnold, Schwinn & Company, 1734 North Kildare Ave., Chicago, Illinois.



*For the Ride
of a Lifetime!
Schwinn-Built Bicycles*

To be sure it's a real Schwinn-Built, look for this Schwinn Seal on the frame.

Arnold, Schwinn & Company, Inc.
1734 North Kildare Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your Free Movie Cyclorama with pictures of the movie stars.

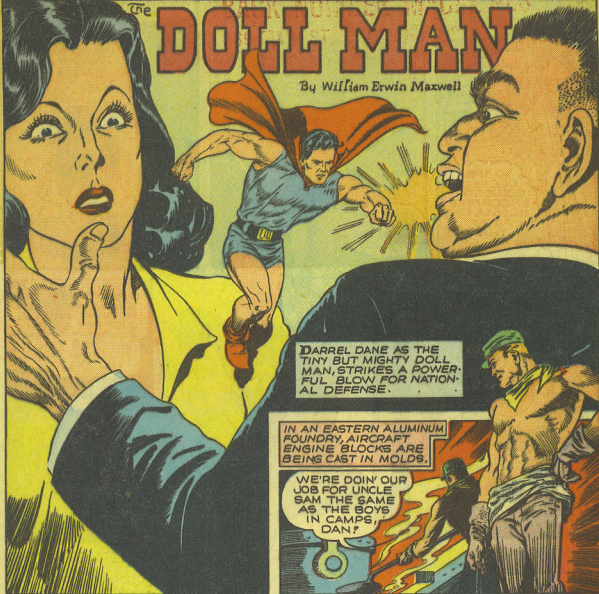
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Schwinn-Built Bicycles

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THE DOLL MAN

By William Erwin Maxwell



DARREL DANE AS THE TINY BUT MIGHTY DOLL MAN, STRIKES A POWERFUL BLOW FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE.

IN AN EASTERN ALUMINUM FOUNDRY, AIRCRAFT ENGINE BLOCKS ARE BEING CAST IN MOLDS.

WE'RE DOIN' OUR JOB FOR UNCLE SAM THE SAME AS THE BOYS IN CAMPS, DAN?

SUDDENLY BUBBLES BEGIN TO FORM ON THE MOLTEN METAL.

A TRAITOROUS WORKMAN OVERHEARS THE MOLDER.

THERE'S ONE SCIENTIST WHO CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.. DR. ROBERTS?

DARREL DANE IS WITH THE DOCTOR AND HIS DAUGHTER, WHEN..

DR. ROBERTS SPEAKING.. WHAT? HMM.. I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!

WHAT'S UP, SIR?



OUTSIDE A SPY TAPS THE
PHONE WIRE.



SO THE
DOC IS
GOING TO
SNOOP? THE
BOSS'LL SEE
ABOUT
THAT!

DANE SPOTS THE FIGURE
CLIMBING DOWN THE
POLE.

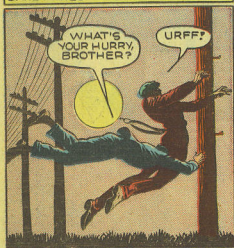


WIRE TAPPER,
HUH? WHAT
GOES ON
HERE?

DARREL? BE
CAREFUL?



DANE MAKES A FLYING TACKLE.



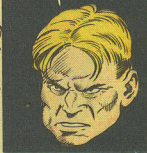
WHAT'S
YOUR HURRY,
BROTHER?

URFF!

TALK NOW
OR YOU'LL
NEVER BE
ABLE TO
AGAIN!



IF YOU TURN ME
OVER TO THE COPS,
YOU WON'T LEARN
NOTHING, AND I'LL
JUST GET A SUS-
PENDED SENTENCE
BUT FOR TEN
BUCKS A WORD,
I'LL TALK!



JUST THEN DR. ROBERTS AND
MARTHA ARRIVE.



IT'S WORTH
IT! I'LL
WRITE
A CHECK!

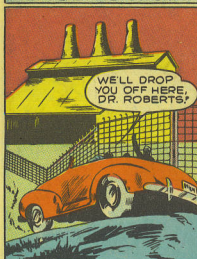
O.K. THIS
NOTE'LL PROVE
THAT ROLF
KORBETT
HEAD OF THE
"HOLD TIGHT
AMERICA"
COMMITTEE
IS THE GUY
YOU'RE
AFTER!



WE'LL DRIVE YOU
TO THE ALUMINUM
FOUNDRY.. THEN
I'LL MAKE A CALL
ON ROLF KORBETT.



THEY REACH THE FOUNDRY.



DANE AND MARTHA REACH THE BUILDING WHERE KORBETT'S OFFICES ARE.



HE GOES TO THE ROOF AND ATTACHES A BALL OF TWINE TO THE CORNICE.



INVOKING HIS STRANGE POWERS, HE BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.



INSIDE, HE SEES KORBETT ADDRESSING A FOREIGN AGENT.



THE SPY, WHO HAS DR. ROBERTS' CHECK IN HIS POCKET, FINALLY APPEARS.



I-I DIDN'T HAVE A NICKEL.



THE DOLL MAN SLIPS UNSEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW AND BREAKS THE PHONE CORD.



KORBETT HEARS THE CORD
SNAP AND SPOTS THE CAUSE.

A BOOT DESCENDS TO
CRUSH HIM LIKE AN ANT.

IT'S THE
DOLL MAN!
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM!

WHY,
YOU
HEEL!

YOU
LITTLE
SO-AND-
SO!

DROP
THAT
GUN!

OUCH!

HE LEAPS TO A TABLE WITH THE
GUN AND HOLDS THE MEN AT BAY.

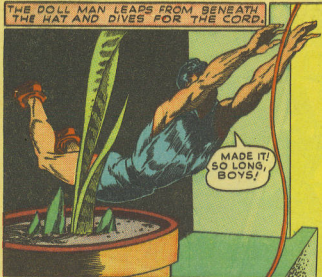
HERE'S
MY HAT!

THE MUG
MAKES A RINGER AND
THE DOLL MAN IS TRAPPED.

UP 'HIGH
WITH 'EM,
BOYS!

A
BLACKOUT!

THE DOLL MAN LEAPS FROM BENEATH THE HAT AND DIVES FOR THE CORD.



MADE IT!
SO LONG,
BOYS!

HE STARTS TO CLIMB. . .

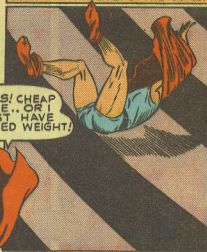


BUT THE CORD BREAKS
AND THE DOLL MAN
PLUMMETS DOWN. . .



OOPS! CHEAP
TWINE.. OR I
MUST HAVE
GAINED WEIGHT!

AN AWNING STOPS HIS FALL.



QUIETLY THE DOLL MAN
BECOMES DARREL DANE.



MARTHA!
DRIVE THE
CAR OVER
HERE!

HE VAULTS INTO THE
FRONT SEAT. . . .



STEP ON
IT, WE'RE
HEADED
FOR THE
FOUNDRY!

MEANWHILE AT THE FOUNDRY,
DR. ROBERTS ANALYZES THE
DEFECTIVE ORE. . . .



JUST AS I
THOUGHT!

DR. ROBERTS EXPLAINS TO THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

A WORKMAN ON A PLATFORM HIGH ABOVE OVERHEARS...

DANE RUSHES IN TO SEE THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER FALL...

AN IMPURITY HAS BEEN PUT INTO THE ORE, RUINING THE METAL... SABOTAGE!



DISS VILL FIX DER MEDDLERS?



BACK AGAINST THE WALL, QUICK!

HUH?



DR. ROBERTS BARELY ESCAPES DEATH.



DANE RACES AFTER THE WOULD-BE MURDERER.



IRON BAR IN HAND, THE THUG WAITS FOR HIM.

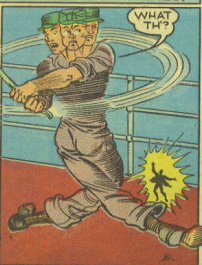


BUT DANE BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.

AND THE TARGET VANISHES.



WHAT TH?

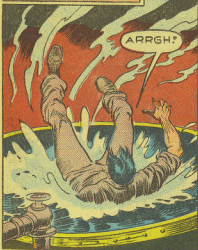


THE WORKMAN TRIPS OVER THE DOLL MAN...

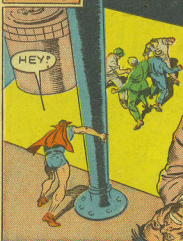


THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL!

HE PLUNGES INTO A CAULDRON OF MOLTEN METAL.



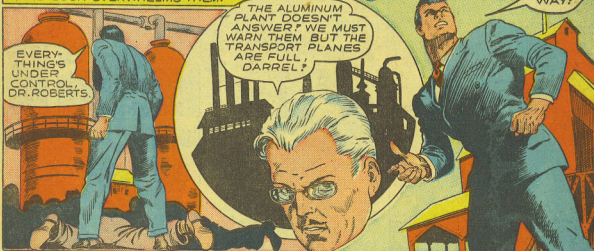
THE DOLL MAN LOOKS DOWN TO SEE DR. ROBERTS BEING ATTACKED.



BECOMING DARREL DANE AGAIN, HE LIGHTS INTO THE THUGS.



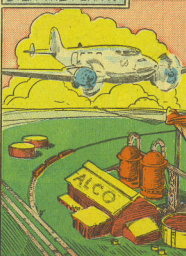
..AND SOON OVERWHELMS THEM.



HE RUSHES TO THE AIRPORT AND BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.



THE TRANSPORT PASSES OVER THE PLANT.



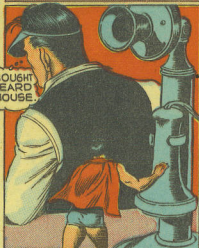
SPREADING HIS CLOAK, THE DOLL MAN GLIDES DOWN.



THE DOLL MAN SEES KORBETT ON THE PLATFORM AND SNEAKS UP TO HEAR. . .



HE RACES INTO THE OFFICE OF THE SHIPPING CLERK.



YANKING THE RECEIVER OFF THE HOOK, THE DOLL MAN CALLS THE F.B.I.



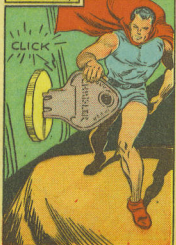
THE STARTLED CLERK DISCOVERS THE DOLL MAN.

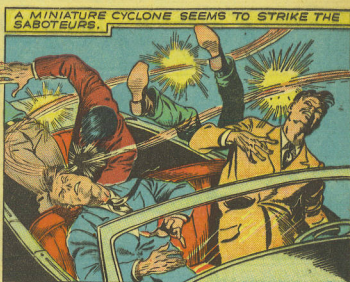


THE CAR ROARS AWAY, BUT SO DOES THE DOLL MAN.



HE VAULTS IN THE FRONT SEAT AND TURNS OFF THE IGNITION.





AS THE G-MEN'S CAR APPEARS, THE DOLL MAN BECOMES DARREL DANE AND FLAGS THEM TO A STOP.



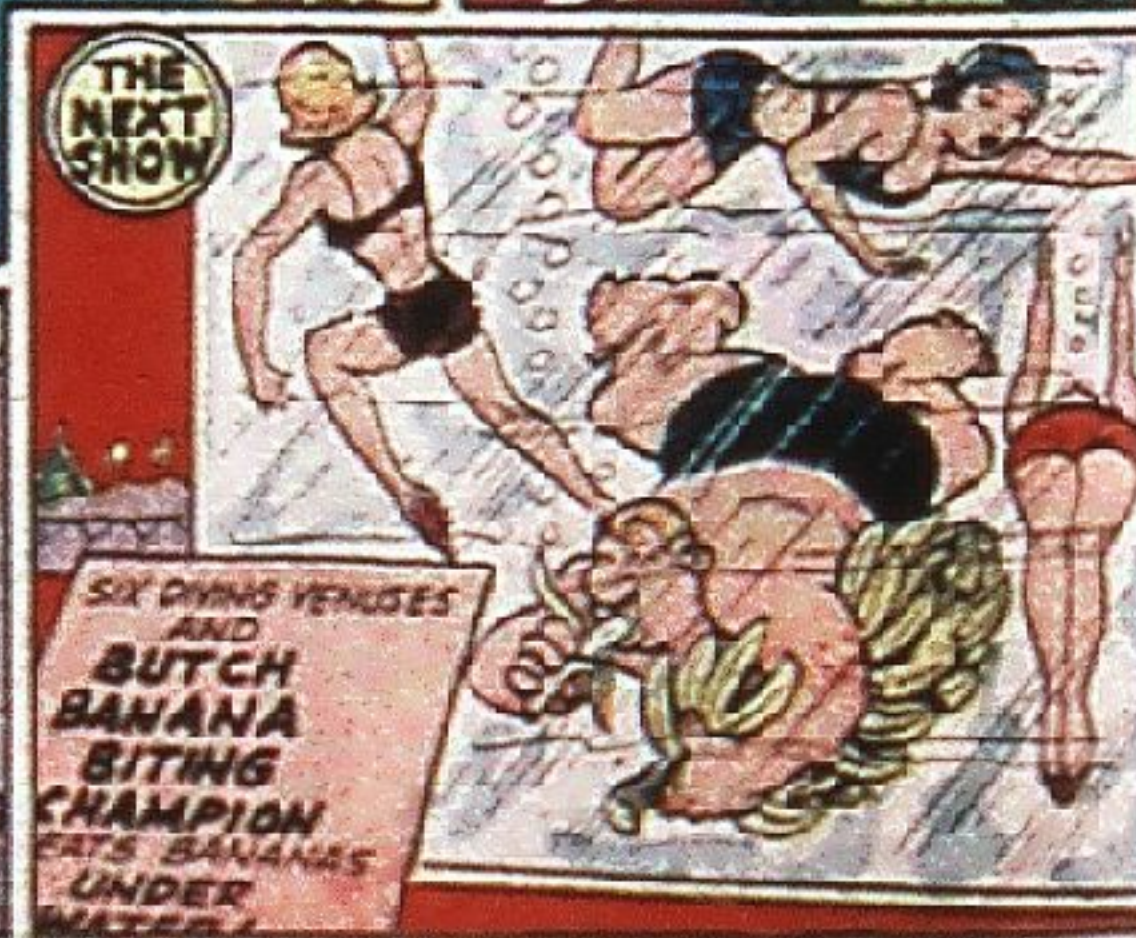
HE RETURNS TO THE FOUNDRY AND REPORTS TO DR. ROBERTS AND MARTHA.



AT HEADQUARTERS, THEY FIND THE CROOK WHO SOLD OUT HIS BOSS.



BIG TOP



BIG TOP

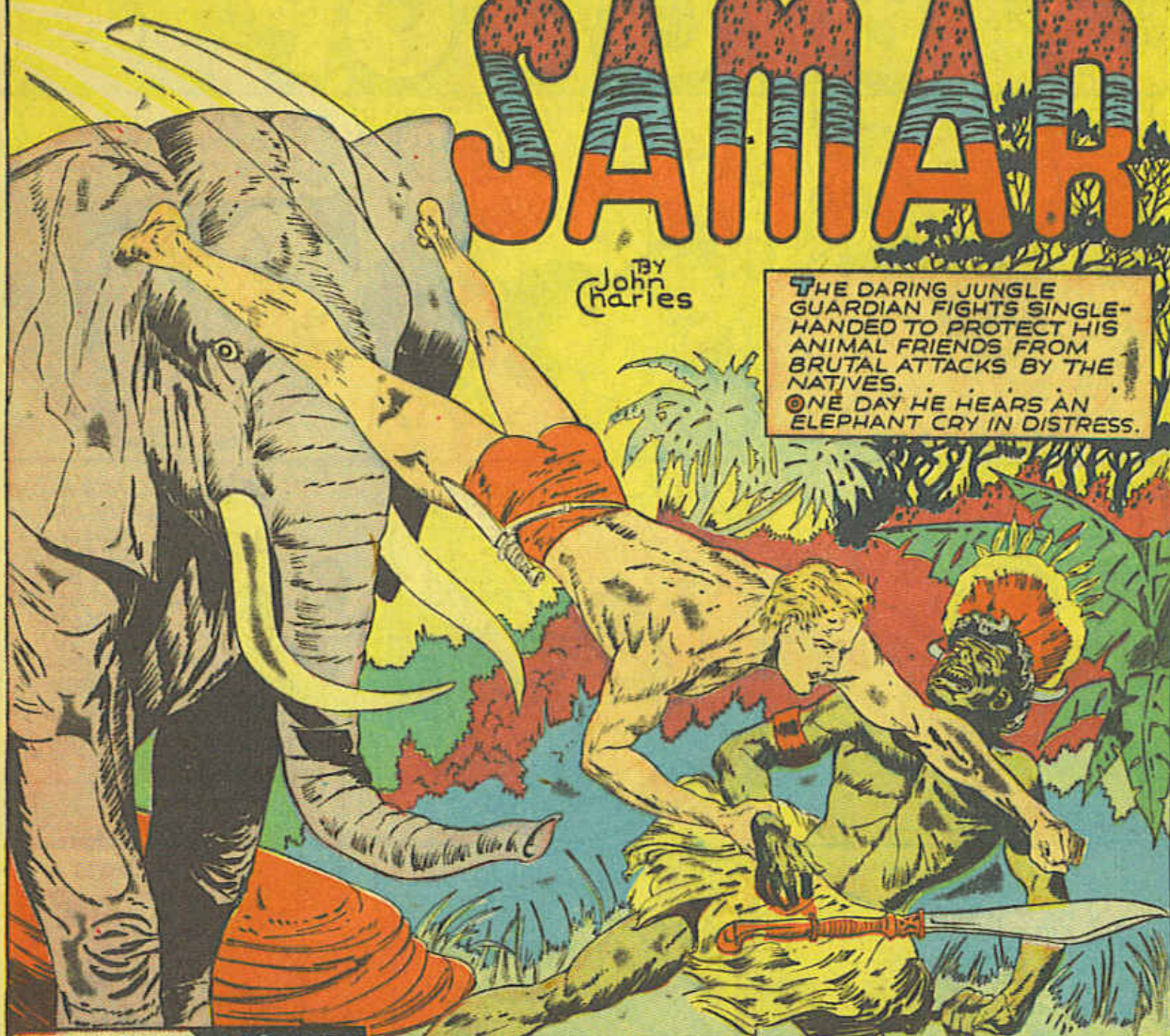


Follow Big Top in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 21th.

SAMAR

BY
John Charles

THE DARING JUNGLE
GUARDIAN FIGHTS SINGLE-
HANDED TO PROTECT HIS
ANIMAL FRIENDS FROM
BRUTAL ATTACKS BY THE
NATIVES.
ONE DAY HE HEARS AN
ELEPHANT CRY IN DISTRESS.



THAT WAS MY
FRIEND POLO.
I MUST HURRY
IF HE'S IN
DANGER.



SAMAR FINDS POLO AT THE
WATER HOLE.



HIS SON IS CAUGHT
IN A MAN-MADE
TRAP.

BUT STEALTHY SAVAGES
TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE.



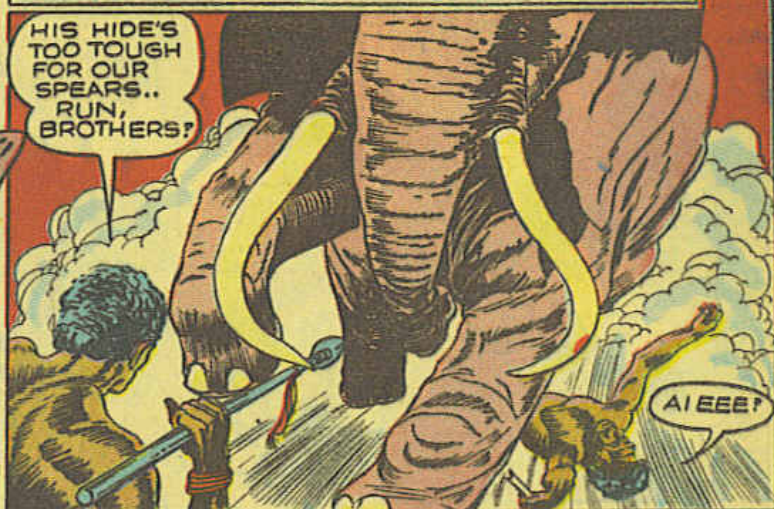
AT LAST
WE CATCH
YOU, WHITE
MAN!

TRUMPETING ANGRILY, POLO LEAVES HIS YOUNG ONE AND CHARGES FURIOUSLY.



THE NATIVES STRUGGLE VAINLY TO HALT THE BEAST.

HIS HIDE'S TOO TOUGH FOR OUR SPEARS..
RUN, BROTHERS!



SAMAR RETURNS TO THE WATER HOLE AND FREES POLO'S CALF.



THEN ASTRIDE POLO'S BACK, HE HEADS FOR THE DENSE JUNGLE.



MEANWHILE THE NATIVE CHIEF RAGES AT HIS SCOUTS.

BRING BACK ELEPHANT CALF..OR YOU'LL BE SACRIFICED INSTEAD!



WE GET HIM AND KILL SAMAR TOO, CHIEF!

BUT POLO SCENTS THE NATIVES' APPROACH.

WAIT, POLO! I'LL RUN AHEAD AND AMBUSH THEM.



ELEPHANT!

HE'S SPOTTED POLO! I'LL RUSH HIM!



SAMAR LEAPS ON THE HEAD SCOUT BUT ANOTHER WARRIOR ATTACKS HIM.

THIS FIX YOU, SAMAR!

GET DOWN AND STAY DOWN!



A VICIOUS AXE BLOW FELS SAMAR.



BLAGA?
WASU? TIE
HIM UP
QUICK!

THE NATIVES LEAD THEIR
CAPTIVE TO THE VILLAGE.

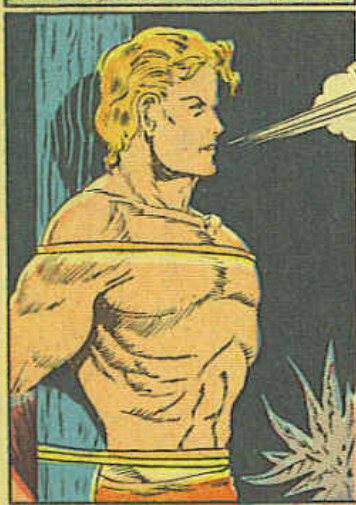


HO, CHIEF?
WE BRING
SAMAR?

GOOD? WE WILL BURN
HIM AS A SACRIFICE
TO THE SUN GOD!



AS THE SAVAGES LASH
HIM TO A POST, SAMAR
WHISTLES SHRILLY. . .



WHREEEE

POLO ANSWERS HIS
CALL, LEADING AN
ANGRY HERD OF BULLS.



THE NATIVES FLEE IN
TERROR AS POLO
SMASHES THE
FLIMSY HUTS.



THE OLD BULL SNAPS THE
POST, FREEING SAMAR. . .



LOOK, POLO!
THE VILLAGE
IS IN FLAMES?

A BURNING HUT TOPPLED
OVER BY THE STAMPEDE,
SOON IGNITES THE ENTIRE
CAMP.



QUICK, POLO? WE
MUST ESCAPE BEFORE
WE'RE TRAPPED
BY THE FIRE.



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIED SCREAM RINGS OUT.

HELP

STOP POLO? THAT WAS A WOMAN'S CRY?

SPRINGING FROM POLO'S BACK, SAMAR DASHES TOWARD THE INFERNO.

I'VE ONLY A SLIM CHANCE TO SAVE HER, BUT I MUST TAKE IT?

A FEW MOMENTS LATER HE STUMBLES OUT OF A BLAZING HUT.

WHEW? I WAS JUST IN TIME! WHAT HAPPENED?

MY HUSBAND IS A DOCTOR. WE CAME HERE TO GET MEDICINAL ROOTS BUT THESE CANNIBALS CAPTURED US... NOW I'M AFRAID THEY WILL KILL MY HUSBAND?

IF HE'S STILL ALIVE, I'LL SAVE HIM? POLO, TAKE CARE OF THIS LADY.

SAMAR SWINGS OFF THROUGH THE TREES.

THOSE SAVAGES FLED TO THE GLADE. I'LL SURPRISE THEM!

MEANWHILE THE CANNIBALS ARE MAKING READY FOR A GRIM FEAST.

A HUGE CAULDRON IS HUNG OVER THE FIRE.

THE CHIEF ORDERS THE DOCTOR TO BE SLAUGHTERED.

OUR VILLAGE GONE WITH FIRE.

WHITE MAN BRING EVIL... SO WE KILL HIM.

WATER BOIL QUICK! OUR MEN HUNGRY?

GO.. THE CHIEF CALLS?

WHITE MAN, YOU DIE TO BREAK EVIL CURSE ON MY TRIBE?

NO? YOU CAN'T DO THAT?



BUT SAMAR SWOOPS DOWN ON THE EXECUTIONER.



THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE, DOC. BUT LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



SAMAR CARRIES THE DOCTOR TO SAFETY.



FROM A TREETOP, HE CALLS THE ELEPHANT.



THE HUGE BEAST CRASHES THROUGH THE JUNGLE.



BUT THE SAVAGES CLOSE IN SUDDENLY.



POLO CHARGES AND THE NATIVES ARE OVERWHELMED.




I WILL GUIDE YOU TO THE NEAREST OUTPOST.

THANKS A MILLION, BOB AND I CAN NEVER FORGET YOUR BRAVERY IN SAVING OUR LIVES.




ZERO


GHOST DETECTIVE BY NOEL FOWLER



ZERO, ALTHOUGH IN TOUCH WITH THE SUPERNATURAL, IS SUBJECT TO MORTAL ILLS. WE FIND HIM AT HIS DOCTOR'S OFFICE.



THE PHYSICIAN EXAMINES ZERO CAREFULLY AND MAKES SEVERAL SCIENTIFIC TESTS... FINALLY, AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF SILENT DIAGNOSIS, HE SPEAKS TO HIS PATIENT.



YOU'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, MR. ZERO.. IT'S ONLY A MINOR INFECTION THAT WE CAN STOP IN A WEEK. WHEN IT COMES TO WORRYING THOUGH, I TAKE THE CAKE!

IN CURIOSITY, ZERO
FOLLOWS DR. BURNS
TO A QUIET HOSPITAL
ROOM.

THERE? THAT
GIRL IS MY MAIN
WORRY? WE HAVE
NO CURE FOR
HER DISEASE?

SHE HAS A MONTH TO LIVE UNLESS I CAN
UNCOVER THE CURE MY FATHER WAS WORK-
ING ON IN GUATAMALA..HE FOUND AN HERB
THERE AND WAS BRINGING IT BACK WHEN
SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES KILLED HIM..
ALL I HAVE OF MY DAD'S WORK
IS HIS DIARY.

THAT'S
ALL YOU
NEED..MAY
I SEE IT?



..AND ON MAY 16, 1905, HE
WROTE NOTHING BECAUSE
THE NATIVES KILLED HIM.
YEARS LATER, AFTER I HAD
GROWN UP TO BE A DOCTOR
MYSELF, THIS SKULL WAS
GIVEN TO ME..IT'S
MY FATHERS.

YOU'RE A SCIENTIST,
DOCTOR. NO DOUBT
YOU SCOFF AT THE
SUPERNATURAL..
BUT LET ME TRY
TO SOLVE THIS
PUZZLE MY
WAY, MAY I?

YES..
TAKE THE
SKULL
HOME?



ZERO CONCENTRATES ON
THE ONCE LIVING SPHERE.
SUDDENLY MISTY SHADOWS
HOVER AROUND THE TABLE.

SPIRIT OF THE DEAD.
SPEAK?? I ASK THE
GHOST OF DOCTOR
BURNS TO RETURN.
LEAD ME TO THE SCENE
OF YOUR DEATH?

THE WHITE SKULL GLOWS
LIVIDLY. STRANGE LIGHTS
PLAY ABOUT THE SMOOTH
SURFACE.



THE DOCTOR'S GHOST CLAIMS HIS SKULL... SIGNALING ZERO TO FOLLOW, HE WHISKS THROUGH SPACE TO A GUATAMALAN JUNGLE.



IS THIS THE PLANT YOUR SON MEANT?



YES...FOR THIS I DIED.

SUDDENLY.

YEOW-W

AFTER AN EERIE SCREAM, A NATIVE COMES RUSHING OUT OF THE DENSE BRUSH.



THEN FOLLOWS A REENACTMENT OF THE TERRIFIC DEATH STRUGGLE BETWEEN DR. BURNS SR. AND THE SAVAGE.



FINALLY, THE WHITE MAN IS DOWNED AND HIS ASSAILANT RUSHES INTO THE WOODS AS ZERO STANDS BY HELPLESS TO PREVENT THAT WHICH HAS ALREADY HAPPENED.



SO THIS IS HOW HE DIED.. ALONE.. I WISH I MIGHT HAVE HELPED HIM?

A HAZY WRAITH RISES FROM THE STILL BODY.



AND LEADS ZERO BACK AGAIN TO HIS STUDY.

NOW YOU KNOW THE STORY.. BUT BEWARE? THE GHOST OF THAT SAVAGE IS STILL GUARDING THE SACRED HERB.



HE DASHES OVER
TO YOUNG DR. BURNS'
OFFICE.

QUICK! WE'RE
LEAVING FOR
GUATAMALA!

HUH?

MANY HOURS LATER,
THE AIRPLANE IS OVER
THE DENSE JUNGLES.

PILOT, MAKE A
LANDING HERE.
THERE IS THE
LANDMARK
THAT I CHOSE
BEFORE.

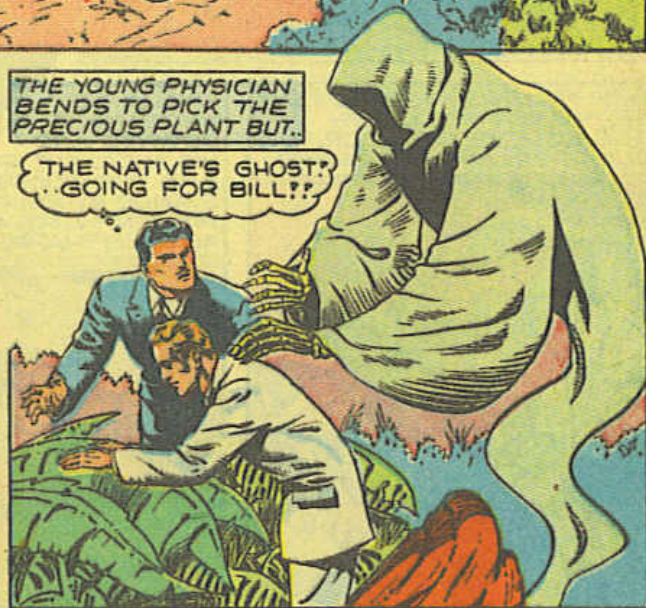


ZERO LEADS
THE WAY TO
A HUGE HERB.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN
BENDS TO PICK THE
PRECIOUS PLANT BUT...

THIS IS
WHERE
MY FATHER
DIED?

THE NATIVE'S GHOST?
...GOING FOR BILL??



INSTANTLY ZERO SHOVS HIS
FRIEND OUT OF DANGER.

IN DOING SO, HE NOTICES AN
AMULET OF A DEVIL GOD WORN
BY THE SPECTRE.

ZERO DASHES AT TOP SPEED
FOR THE RUINS. THE SAVAGE
GHOST PURSUES HIM.



THE DEVIL GOD'S
TEMPLE IS NEAR
HERE! I'LL MAKE
THIS SPOOK
FOLLOW ME
THERE AND
THEN...

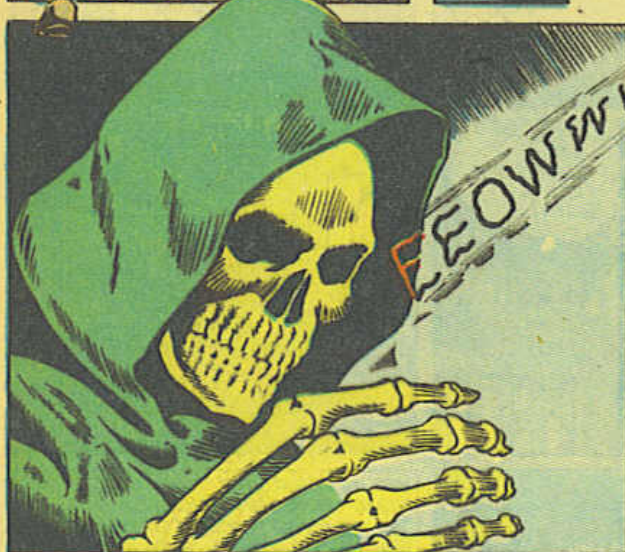




IN THE CRUMBLING TEMPLE, ZERO FINDS THE HIDEOUS IDOL, SYMBOL OF A MYSTERIOUS KILLER SECT..



WITH A POWERFUL BLOW, HE SEVERS HEAD FROM BODY. THEN..



FACED BY THE DESTRUCTION OF ITS SACRED IDOL, THE GHOST UTTERS AN UNEARTHLY SHRIEK AND VANISHES IN BLACK SMOKE.

ZERO RETURNS TO THE PLANE WHERE DOCTOR BURNS IS WAITING.



THEY ZOOM BACK TO THE STATES.

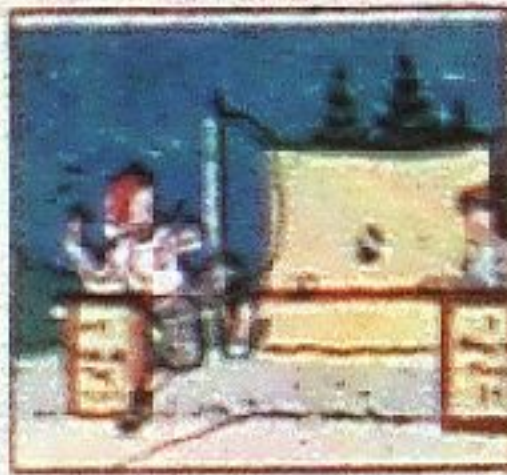


AND PREPARE THE ROOT AS A SERUM FOR THE DYING GIRL.



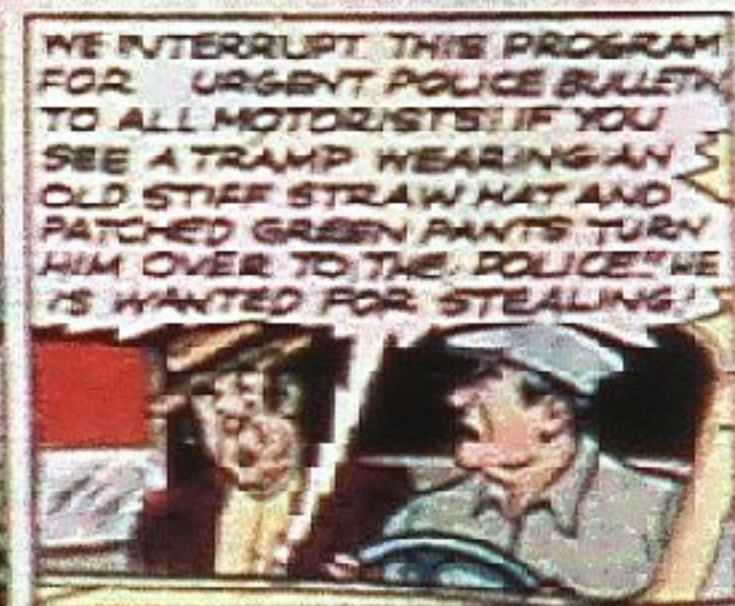
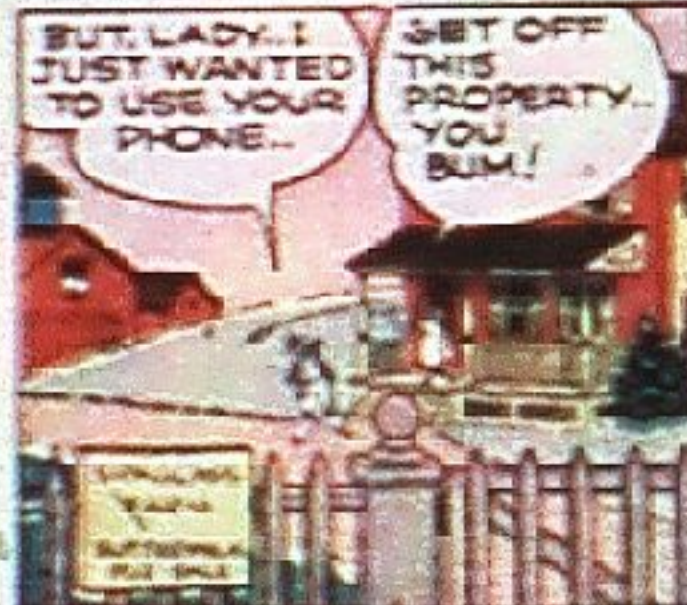
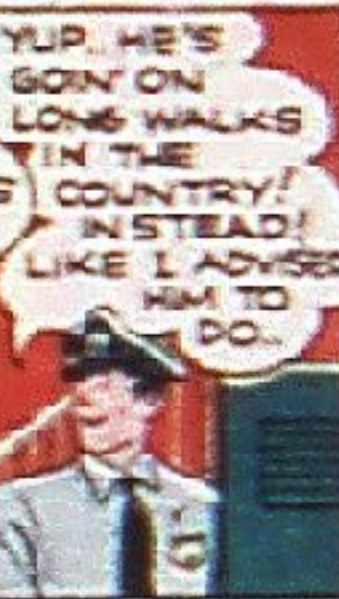
IT DOESN'T FAIL... SOON THE HAPPY PATIENT IS WELL ON THE WAY TO RECOVERY.





MICKEY FINN

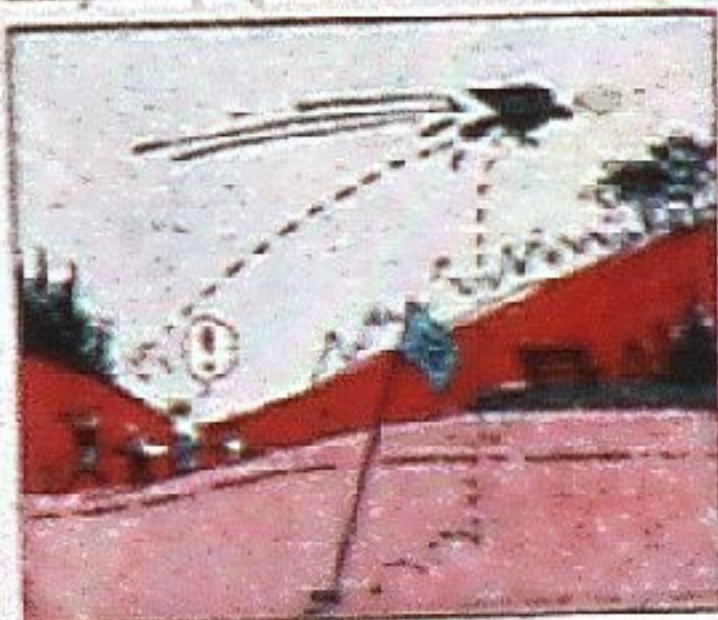
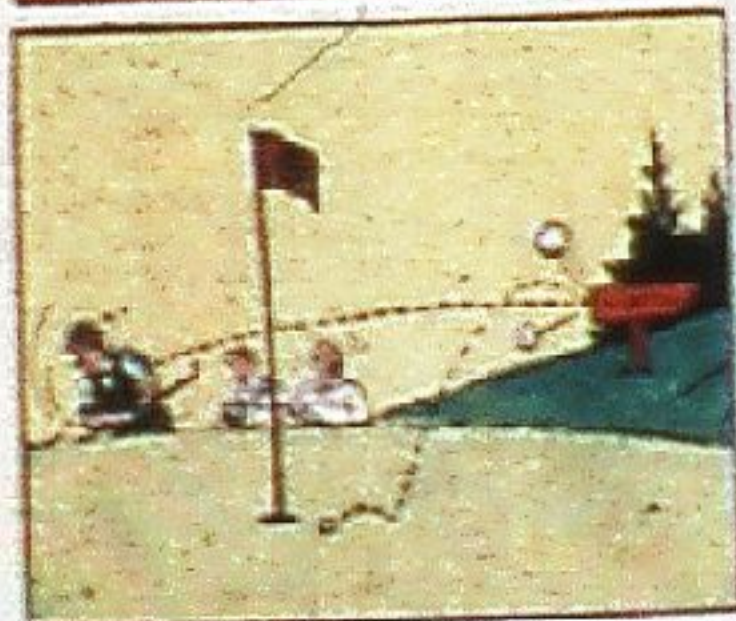
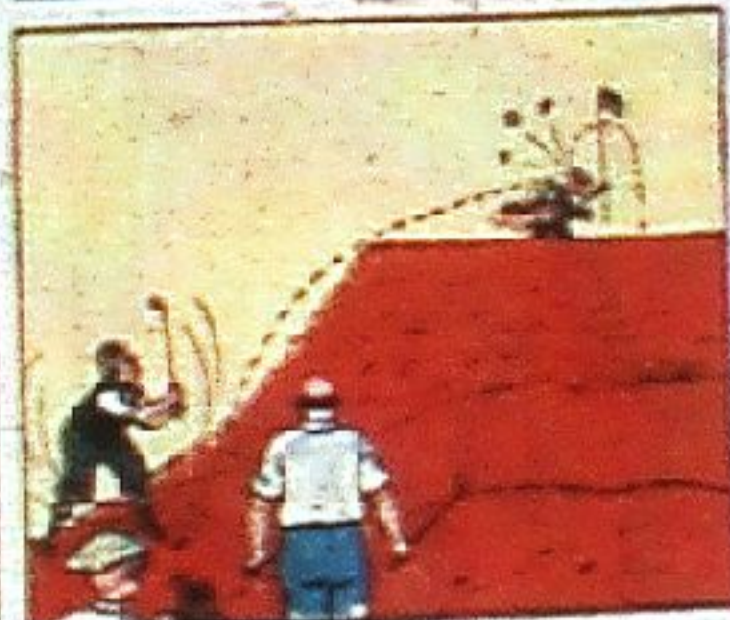
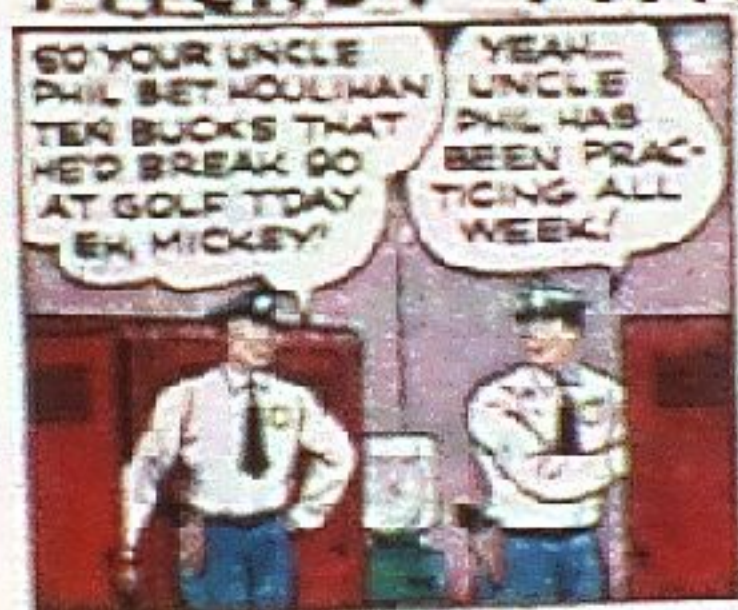
By LANK LEONARD

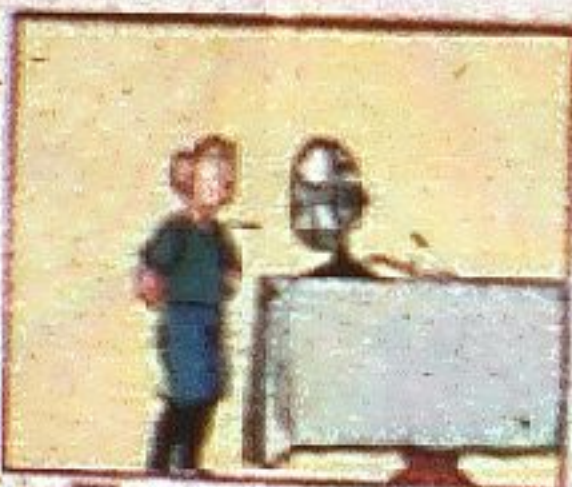
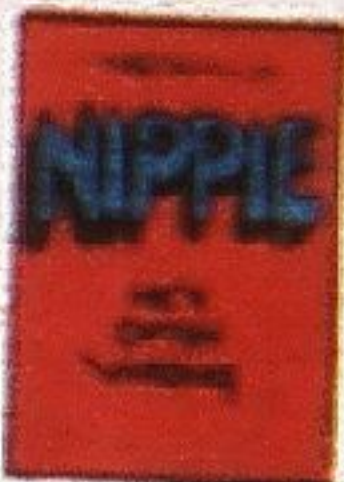




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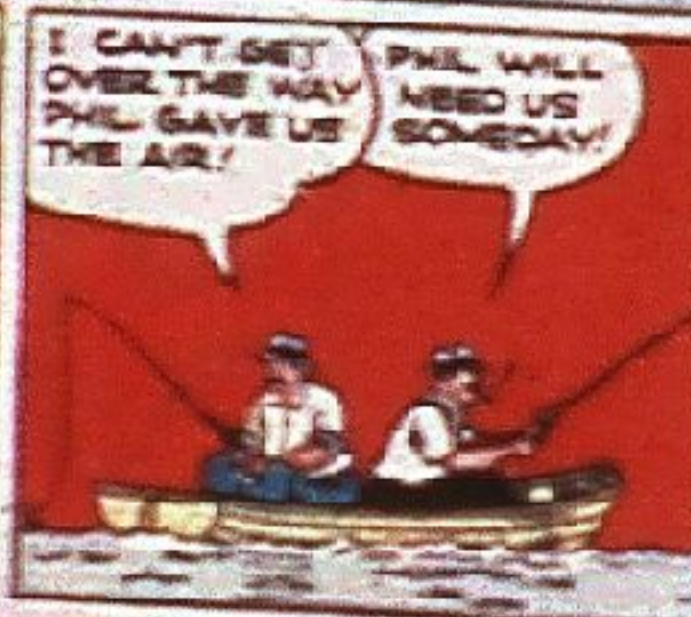
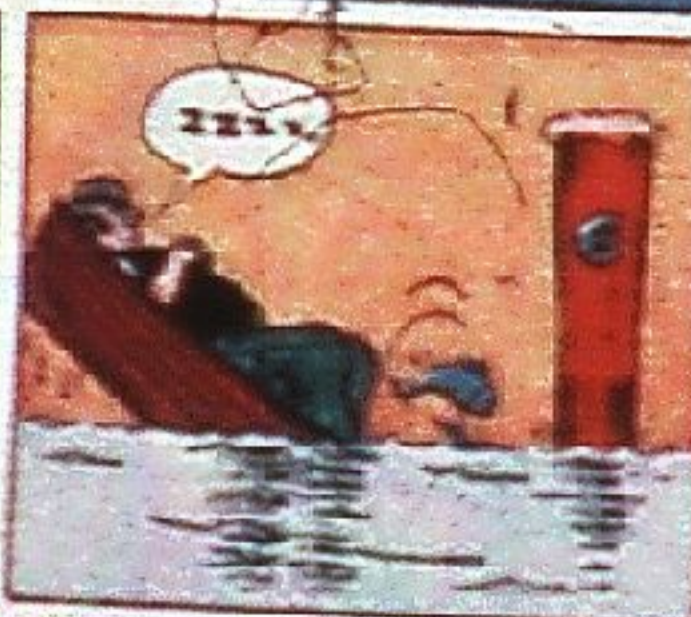
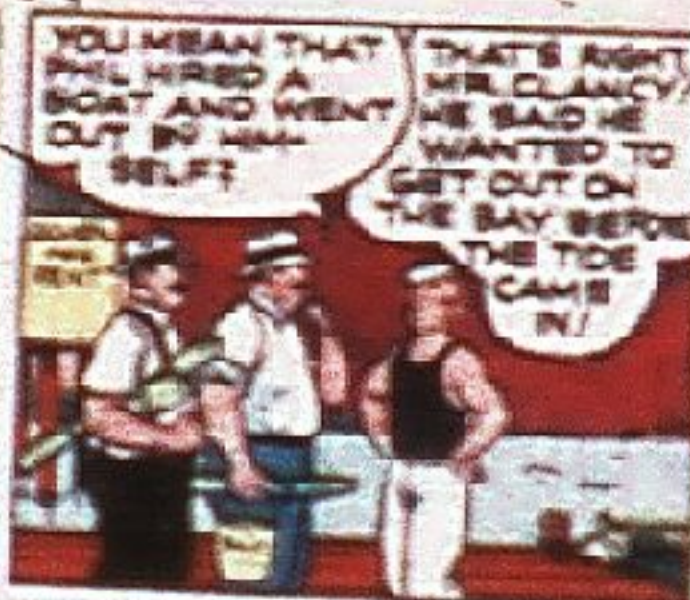
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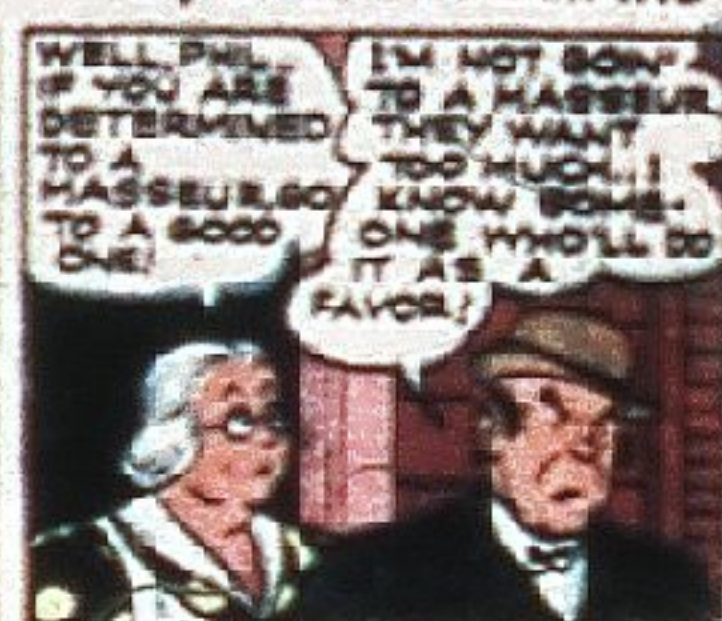
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





SWING SESSION

Alce of the Bandstand



A CHARTERED
BUS CARRIES
SWING AND HIS
BAND TOWARD
NEW YORK!

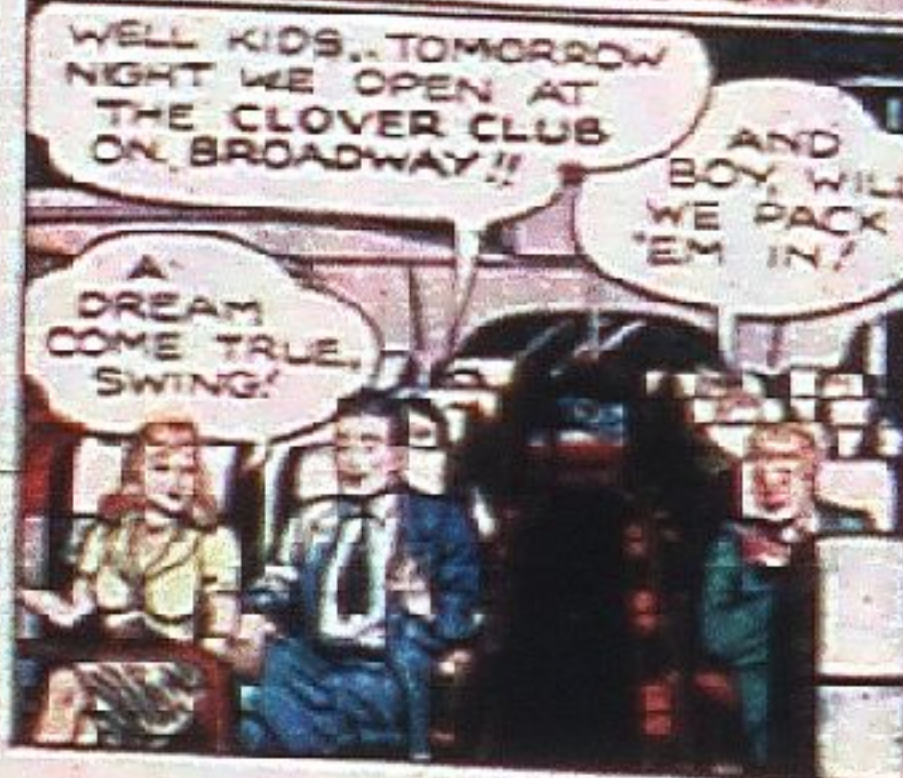


SWING, TOBY TUCK, HIS
STAR SAX PLAYER, AND
BONNIE BAXTER, HIS
VOCALIST, SIT IN THE
FRONT OF THE BUS.

WELL KIDS, TOMORROW
NIGHT WE OPEN AT
THE CLOVER CLUB
ON BROADWAY!!

A
DREAM
COME TRUE,
SWING!

AND
BOY, WILL
WE PACK
'EM IN!



THAT'S WHAT
THEY THINK!
IT'S JUST ABOUT
TIME FOR ME
TO DO MY
STUFF!

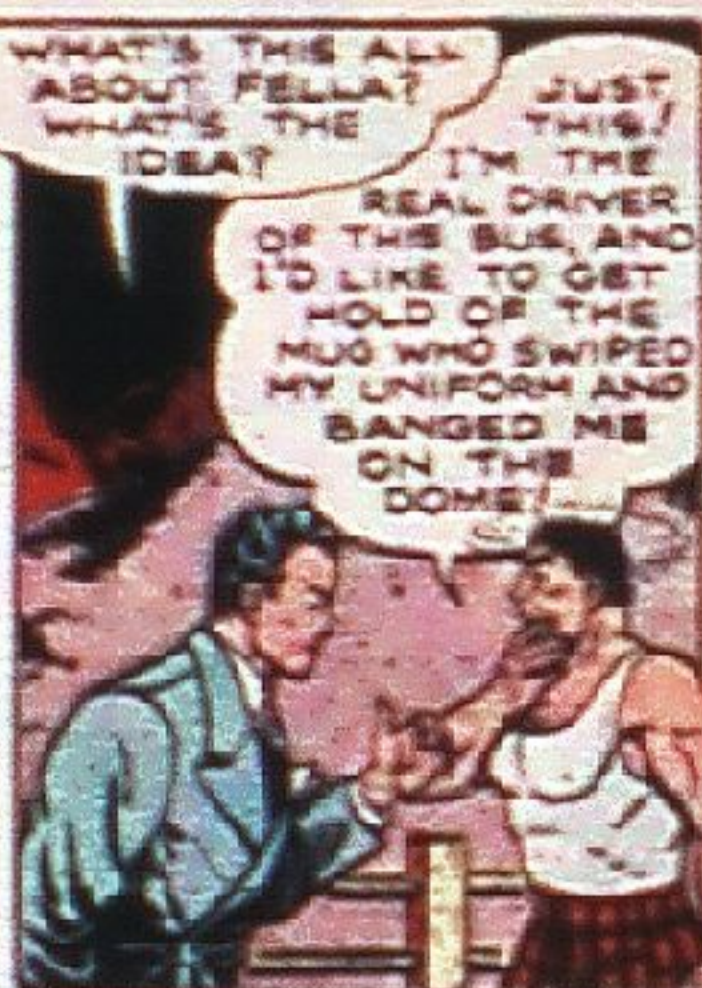






WELL, HIT ME WITH A DOWNBEAT! WHO'S THIS GUY, SWING?

LET'S GET HIM DOWN OUTTA HERE!



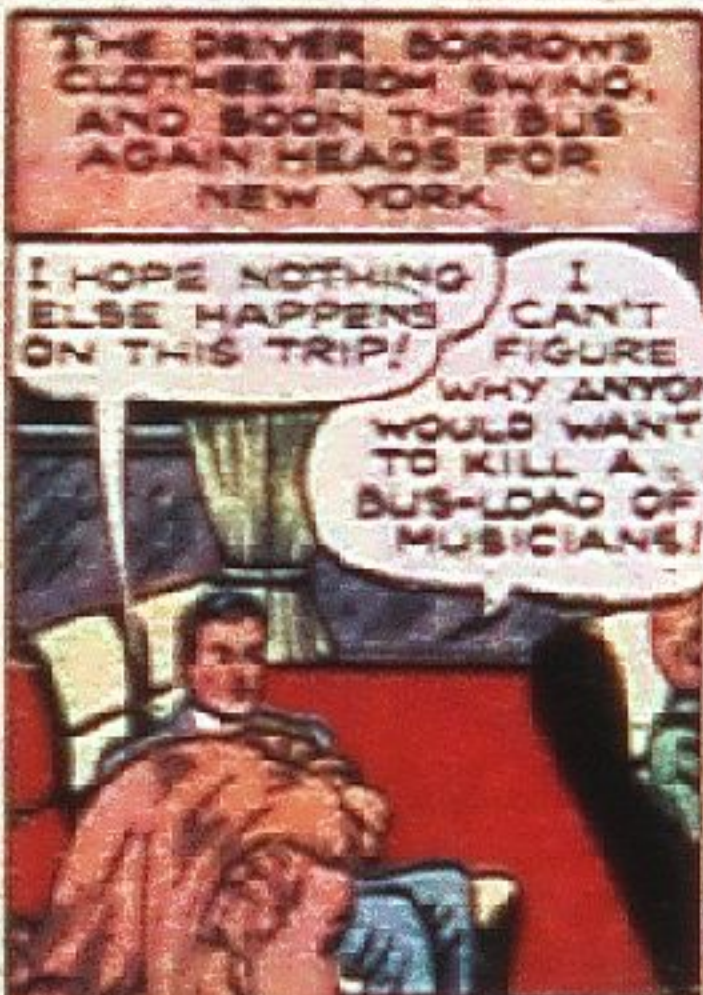
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, FELLA? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

JUST THIS! I'M THE REAL DRIVER OF THIS BUS, AND I'D LIKE TO GET HOLD OF THE MUG WHO SWIPED MY UNIFORM AND BANGED ME ON THE DOME!



THE DRIVER TELLS HIS STORY...

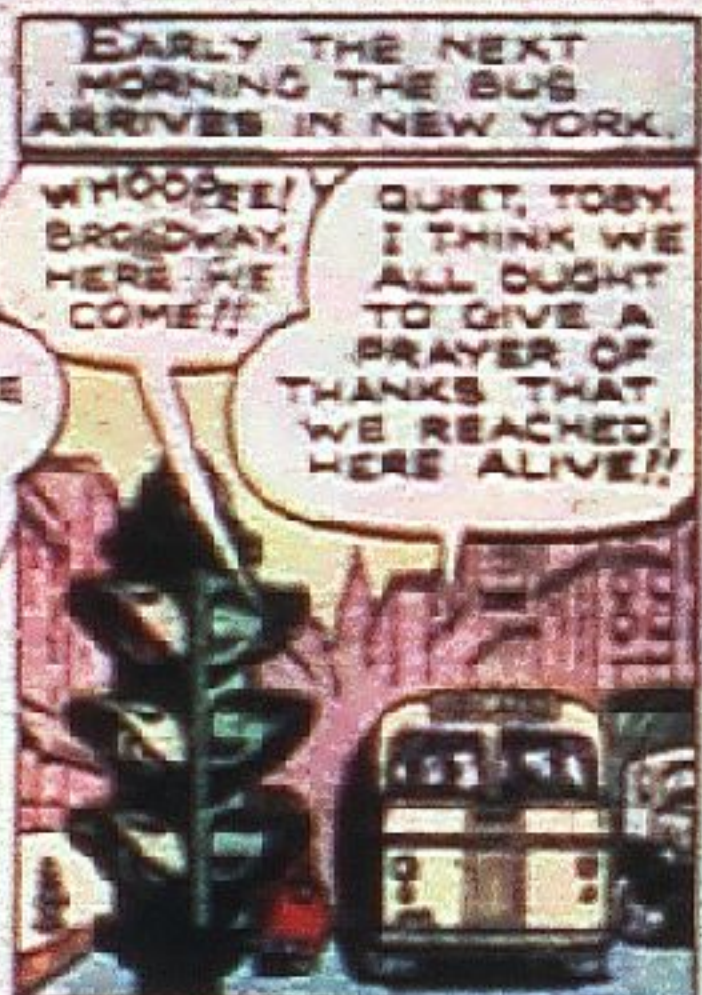
BACK AT MAPLE CORNERS THE LAST REST STOP, WHILE YOU WERE ALL INSIDE, SOME GUY KNOCKS ME COLD! WHEN I COME TO, I'M UP IN THE BAGGAGE RACK LIKE YOU FOUND ME!



THE DRIVER BORROWS CLOTHES FROM SWING, AND SOON THE BUS AGAIN HEADS FOR NEW YORK.

I HOPE NOTHING ELSE HAPPENS ON THIS TRIP!

I CAN'T FIGURE WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO KILL A BUS-LOAD OF MUSICIANS!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE BUS ARRIVES IN NEW YORK.

WHOOPEE! BROADWAY, HERE WE COME!!

QUIET, TOBY. I THINK WE ALL OUGHT TO GIVE A PRAYER OF THANKS THAT WE REACHED HERE ALIVE!!



SEE YOU LATER AT THE HOTEL, GANG. BONNIE, TOBY, AND I ARE GOING UP TO SEE PETE JAXON AT THE CLOVER CLUB!

OKAY, SWING!



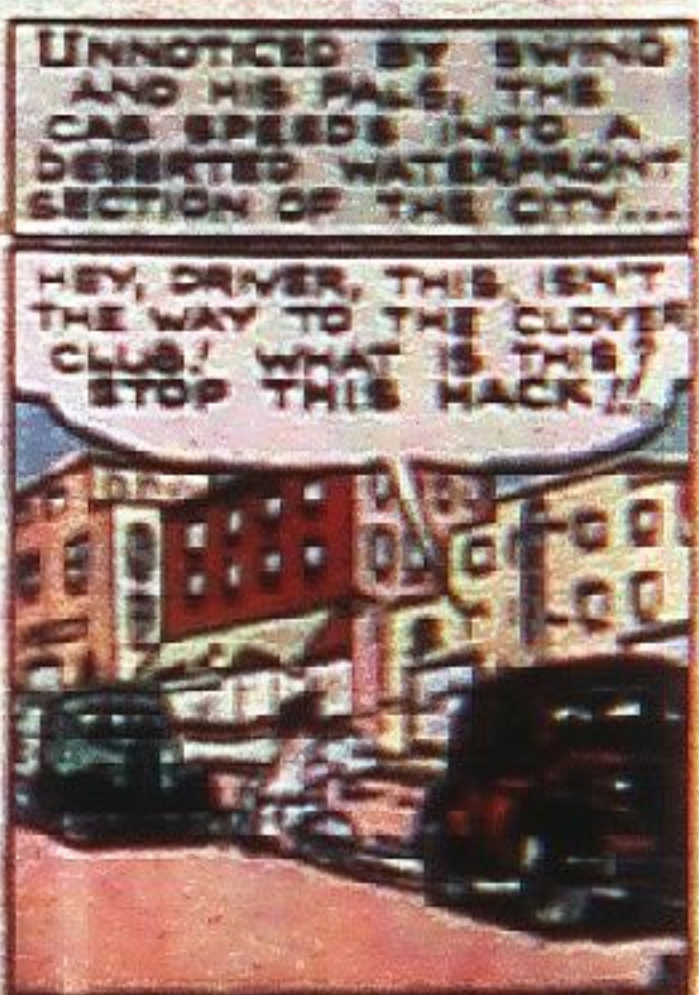
TO THE CLOVER CLUB!

OKAY!



JOE GOT 'EM IN HIS CAB, ALL RIGHT. WE'LL FIX 'EM, EH, MOXIE!

THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!



UNNOTICED BY SWING AND HIS PAL, THE CAB SPEEDS INTO A DESERTED WATERFRONT SECTION OF THE CITY...

HEY, DRIVER, THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO THE CLOVER CLUB! WHAT IS THIS? STOP THIS HACK!!



SURE, BUDDY. I WAS FIGURING ON STOPPING HERE ANYHOW!

WE'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR A RIDE. SWING!

LOOK, HACKE, IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF---



MEANWHILE THE CAR THAT HAS BEEN FOLLOWING, HAS STOPPED AND....

GET OUTTA THIS CAB! SNAP INTO IT!

DON'T TRY NO FAST STUFF! THESE AIN'T CAP PISTOLS!



IF IT'S DOUGH YOU'RE AFTER, YOU HAVE THE WRONG PARTY. WE HAVEN'T TEN BUCKS AMONG US!

WE AIN'T LOOKING FOR CASH. WE GOT ORDERS TO BEAT YOU THREE UP SO YOU CAN'T PLAY THE CLOVER CLUB OPENING TONIGHT!



THEN THE THUG SWINGS HIS GUN VICIOUSLY AT SWING'S FACE, BUT...

OKAY, TOBY! GIVE 'EM YOUR SUNDAY FIGHTIN'!!



IF I CAN REACH A WRENCH OR SOMETHING, I'LL MAKE THIS BRAWL THREE AGAINST THREE!



AS THE THIRD THUG SNEAKS UP BEHIND SWING....

THERE'S THE DOWNBEAT, BUDDY! TAKE IT AWAY!



ZOWIE! THAT'S SENDING IT SOLID, SWING! THAT FINISHES 'EM LIKE LAST YEAR'S TUNE!



SWING AND HIS PALS TURN THE BEATEN THUGS OVER TO THE POLICE AND PROCEED TO THE CLOVER CLUB.

MAYBE PETE JAXON CAN SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE AFTER OUR HIDES!



AFTER SWING RELATES THE STORY TO PETE JAXON, OWNER OF THE CLOVER CLUB...

I THINK THIS PIECE IN WALTER WINKLE'S COLUMN WILL EXPLAIN WHY YOU WERE ATTACKED! READ IT!

OFFICE
PETE JAXON

**WALTER WINKLE
ON BROADWAY**

BUSINESS SHOULD TAKE A SMART LEAP. TURN FOR PETE JAXON'S "CLOVER CLUB" WHEN SWING Sisson opens there. Sisson's band should pull the customers in and pull the red carpet out for the red carpet.

LAST NIGHT, Sisson was to meet JAXON at the ASTOR and is

I BORROWED MONEY TO OPEN THIS PLACE FROM SLATS ELKIN, THE BROADWAY GAMBLER. THE CLUB IS A POTENTIAL GOLD MINE, BUT I HAD A COUPLE OF PUNK BANDS IN HERE, AND THEY DROVE THE CUSTOMERS AWAY!!



WITH A GOOD BAND LIKE YOURS HERE, I'LL COIN A MILLION. BUT I HAVE ONLY ONE WEEK TO MEET ELKIN'S NOTE. IF I DON'T PAY, HE TAKES THE PLACE OVER. I THINK HE'S TRYING TO MAKE SURE I DON'T GET THE DOUGH BY KEEPING YOU FROM OPENING HERE!

SO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AND YOUR OUTFIT, SWING! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, THE CLOVER CLUB AND I ARE SUNK!



WE'LL WATCH OUR STEP!

BUT NOTHING ELSE BEFALLS SWING Sisson AND HIS BAND —AND THAT NIGHT THEY OPEN IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!

BOY, THE BAND THEY'VE GOT HERE IS TOPS!

SOME CROWD! IT TAKES SWING Sisson TO PACK THEM IN!



BUT A HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE CELLAR OF THE CLOVER CLUB, A GLOVED HAND CLUTCHES THE MASTER LIGHT SWITCH...

IN THE BLACKNESS THAT FOLLOWS, THE CLUB HOUSES PANIC AND CONFUSION...

PLEASE BE CALM, FOLKS! THE LIGHTS WILL GO ON AGAIN IN A MINUTE... MEANWHILE THE BOYS WILL KEEP PLAYING!

HELP! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS, FOLKS!



MINUTES LATER...THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN...

TOBY! BONNIE HAS DISAPPEARED! NOTHING ELSE HAPPENED—NO ROBBERIES—BUT IT LOOKS BAD!

OH, SHE MIGHT HAVE RUN OUT TO THE POWDER ROOM OR SOMETHING!



BUT SWING'S HUNCH PROVES RIGHT. AT CLOSING TIME, BONNIE HAS NOT RETURNED...FRANTIC WITH WORRY, SWING IS CALLED TO THE PHONE.

LISTEN, Sisson, WE'VE GOT YOUR VOCALIST! AND IF YOU DON'T BREAK YOUR CONTRACT WITH JAXON, WE'LL KILL HER!!

WHY, YOU LOW-DOWN RATS, I'LL —



WHILE AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...

NEVER MIND THAT STUFF! DO AS I'VE TOLD YA OR THIS DAME DIES!!

SWING SHOULD SURELY RECOGNIZE THE OLD "FIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE!"





WHAT WAS THAT YOU WAS WHISTLIN' TRYIN' TO GIVE YOUR BOY FRIEND A SIGNAL, EH? WHAT'LL I DO T' HER, SLATS?

DON'T WORRY! IT WON'T DO HER ANY GOOD!



WHAT'S UP, SWING?

I'VE LEARNED WHERE BONNIE IS! C'MON, WE'RE GOING TO GET HER!



OUTSIDE, SWING BORROWS PETE JAXON'S CAR....

YOU SAY YOU HEARD BONNIE WHISTLING "FIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE"? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

I THINK IT COULD MEAN ONLY ONE THING--- BONNIE'S BEING HELD AT SLATS ELKIN'S FIVE O'CLOCK CLUB!



THIS IS KIND OF A WILD GUESS, ISN'T IT?

NO, IT ALL FITS WITH WHAT JAXON TOLD US TODAY! AND I KNOW SLATS' PLACE BY THAT NAME BECAUSE I PLAYED THERE SEVERAL YEARS AGO!



SWING! THE COPS ARE AFTER US FOR SPEEDING!

GOOD! THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANT!



REACHING THE FIVE O'CLOCK CLUB, SWING AND TOBY BARGE IN...

HEY, YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE AND---OOOH!!



YOU'RE RIGHT, SWING! THERE'S BONNIE!

OKAY, KID! LET'S BEAT THESE PUNKS RIGHT DOWN TO THEIR SOX!

WHAT TH---!

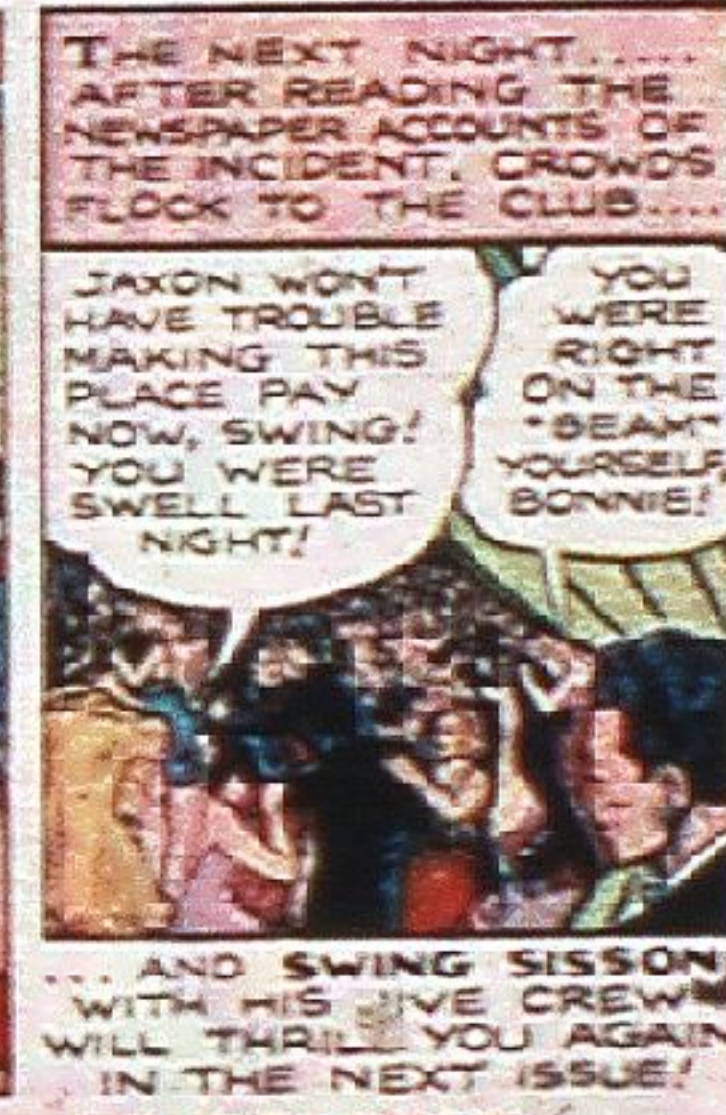


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S THOSE SPEEDSTER S, MIKE!

WHAT GOES ON--?

JUST IN TIME TO COLLECT A FEW KIDNAPPERS, BOYS!



THE NEXT NIGHT.... AFTER READING THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF THE INCIDENT, CROWDS FLOCK TO THE CLUB....

JAXON WON'T HAVE TROUBLE MAKING THIS PLACE PAY NOW, SWING! YOU WERE SWELL LAST NIGHT!

YOU WERE RIGHT ON THE "BEAM" YOURSELF, BONNIE!

... AND SWING SISSON WITH HIS FIVE CREW WILL THRILL YOU AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

Swing Sisson hits another high note in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

LALA PALOOZA



FOR THE LOVE OF LUKE!



BUT WHAT IS IT?

THAT—MY DEAR IS A WORK OF ART THAT WILL BRING ME FAME AND FORTUNE—IN PLAIN ENGLISH IT'S A—



HORSE!

A HORSE! OH-HO-HO HA HA HA

SEVERAL DAYS LATER—



FOR GOODNESS SAKE!—SO THIS IS WHAT HE MEANT!



DRAWING CONTEST WON BY LOCAL CHILD
EIGHT YEAR OLD'S STUDY OF HORSE DEEMED BEST
KIDDES CONTEST INSPIRES TOT'S TALENTS
\$100.00 PRIZE WON BY YOUNG VINCENT W. PALOOZA 42 BOFFIS ST.



VERY WELL—NOW THAT YOU'VE WON THE PRIZE—JUST HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO COLLECT IT?

VERY SIMPLE



OH YES?—WELL THAT SPRIG OF SPINACH UNDER YOUR NOSE WILL LOOK VERY GOOD ON AN 8 YEAR OLD TOT!

I'LL FIX THAT



ROMPERS YOU WANT MADE FOR YOU ???

YEAH YEAH—FOR A MASQUERADE—I WANT TO LOOK LIKE A LITTLE KID!



I'LL SHOW LALA I'M SMART



ARE YOU VINCENT PALOOZA?

YEAH—BUT I WORRY ABOUT THE WAR AN' IT GIVES ME A KINDA OLDSKY LOOK!—Gimme 10' DOUGH IN TENS PLEASE



WELL—HERE'S A BUCK FOR THE LAUGH



YOU HEARD ME! TEN TALL AND REALYS

AND YOU HEARD ME GO HOME AND GROW UP!

Lala Palooza

THE
KID
NEXT
DOOR



AND SO IT SEEMS
THERE WERE
THREE BEARS—
TOM, DICK
AND HARRY

THERE
YOU GO
WITH YOUR
SISSY
STORIES
AGAIN



HAVIN' T'MIND
YOU WHILE YOUR
MOTHER IS OUT
IS BAD ENOUGH
WITHOUT BEIN'
CALLED A
SISSY

WELL YOU
AIN'T NO
"RED
FLAMIN'
AVENSER"
NOR
"PURPLE
TERROR,"
Y'FAT
LUG!



YOU AIN'T EVEN AS
GOOD AS "SALVATIC
GUS" IN THIS HERE
COMIC BOOK—
HE DOES
THINGS!

WAIT
HERE—
YOU
WHELP—
I'LL BE
BACK!



THAT YOUNG SQUIRT
AND HIS COMIC
BOOK HEROES!

NOVELTY
GADGETS
AND
DISGUISE



WITH THIS OUTFIT
I'LL GIVE HIM THE
SCARE OF HIS
LIFE



I'LL SLIP OUT THE
BACK WAY—NO USE
NATIN' FOR THAT
FAT DRIP



NOW TO CHANGE HERE
IN THE PANTRY AND
THEN POP OUT
AT HIM...



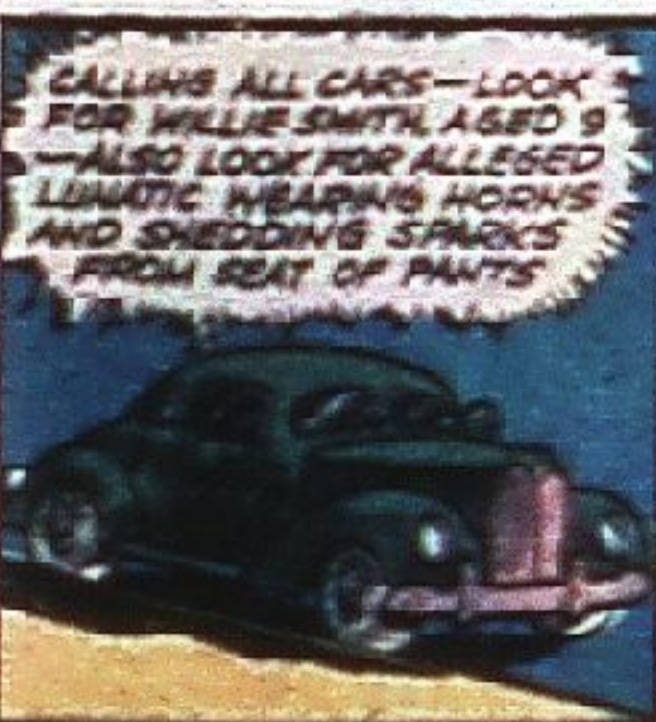
I'M BACK A BIT EARLY—
BUT WHERE ARE
WILLIE AND
MISTER VINCENT?



I'M ALL SET BUT T'FIX THIS
BATTERY T'SHOOT SPARKS—
OW! I'M
ON FIRE



HELP!
I'M BURNIN'



CALLING ALL CARS—LOOK
FOR WILLIE SMITH, AGED 9
—ALSO LOOK FOR ALLEGED
LUNATIC WEARING HORNS
AND SHEDDING SPARKS
FROM SEAT OF PANTS



LATER

HERE'S
THE
KID,
SARGE

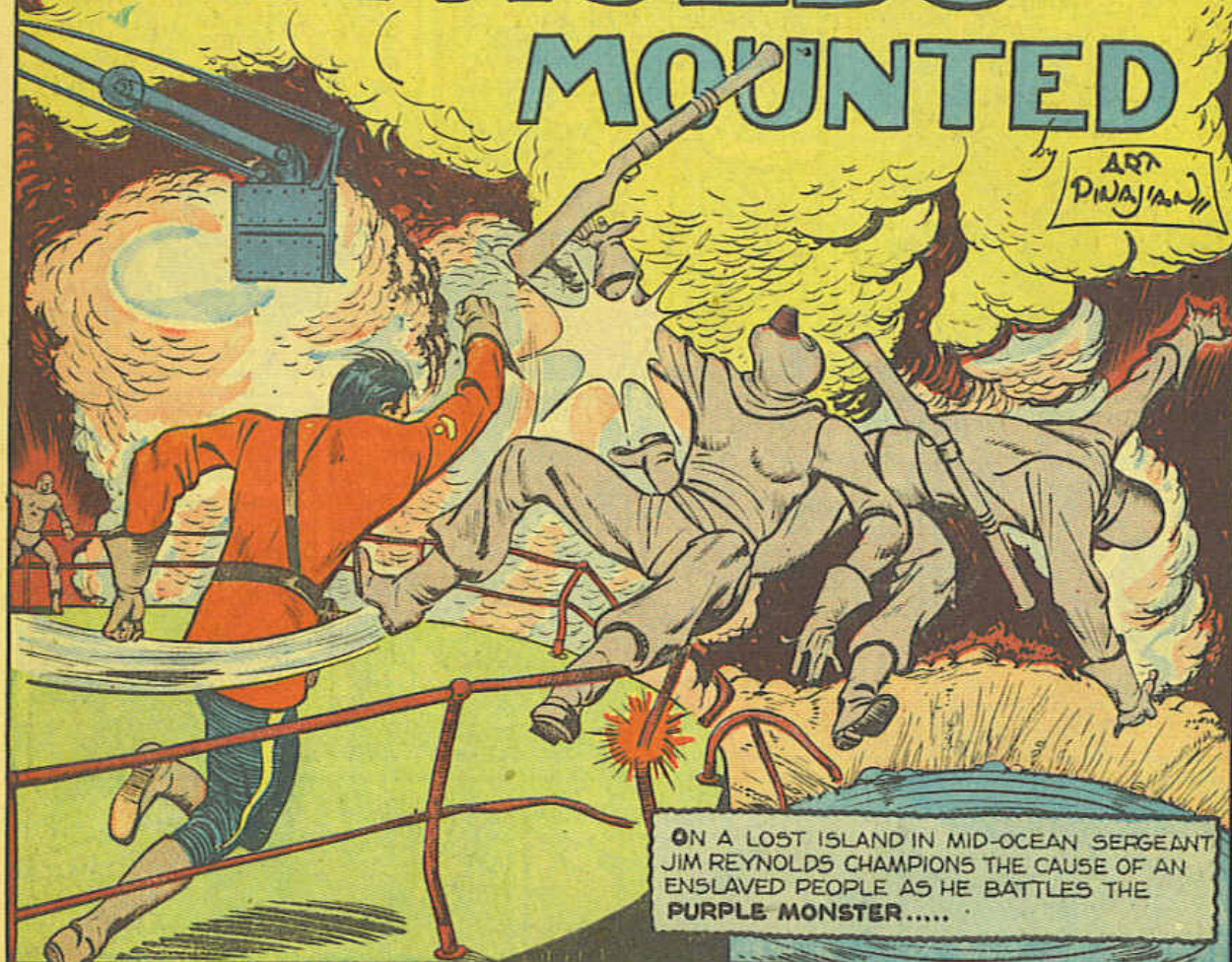
AND
HERE
COMES
CASEY
WIT'
TH' NET!



HEY OFFICER—PUT THAT
KID IN HERE FOR FIVE
MINUTES AN' CHANGE
THE CHARGE AGAINST
ME TO MURDER

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

by ART DINAJIAN



ON A LOST ISLAND IN MID-OCEAN SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS CHAMPIONS THE CAUSE OF AN ENSLAVED PEOPLE AS HE BATTLES THE PURPLE MONSTER.....

FAR OUT OVER THE PACIFIC A PATROL PLANE WENDS ITS WAY...



IN THE DISTANCE A CONE SHAPED ISLAND JUTS OUT OF THE WATER...



GREAT SCOTT! LOOKS LIKE PURPLE SMOKE... CAN'T BE A VOLCANO!

SUDDENLY THE LITTLE PLANE HOVERS IN THE AIR AND THEN PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.....



NEVER NOTICED THAT ISLAND BEFORE - I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



THE SEA SWALLOWS UP THE PLANE
AS REYNOLDS MAKES FOR SHORE.



AS HE REACHES THE ISLAND A
STRANGE SIGHT GREETES HIM...



THE LEGEND'S
COME
TRUE- HE'S
COM' TO
SAVE US!

OUR
CHAMPION-
DOWN
WITH THE
PURPLE
MONSTER!



HMM...THESE
PEOPLE ARE
TAKING ME
FOR SOMEONE
ELSE... MAYBE
I CAN HELP
THEM!!

WHAT IS
THE
PURPLE
MONSTER?

LOOK!



IN THE PURPLE MASS OF SMOKE
REYNOLDS SEES A STRANGE
SIGHT- **THE PURPLE MONSTER!**



SUDDENLY FROM AN ALTAR AT
THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN
AN ISLANDER MEETS HIS DOOM...



HE DISAPPEARS INTO THE SMOKY
MASS....



LATER

WE ARE
POWERLESS
AGAINST THE PURPLE
MONSTER- IF WE DO NOT
SEND HIM THE FRUITS OF
OUR LABORS HE
BECOMES ANGRY AND
SEIZES US FOR
SACRIFICE!

IT IS
SAID
THAT ONE
DAY A
GIANT
WILL COME
TO FREE US-
YOU ARE
THAT ONE!



SO! THIS
PURPLE MONSTER
HAS ENSLAVED
THE WHOLE
ISLAND, EH?
I'VE GOT
TO---

LOOK!
THE
GUARDS
OF THE
PURPLE
MONSTER!





HA! PLOTTING AGAINST THE MASTER, EH? THAT'LL MEAN MORE SACRIFICES, MY HEARTIES!

YOU'LL NEVER BREAK OUR SPIRIT! WE'LL--



THIS GAS GUN WILL SILENCE YOU... TAKE THAT! SEIZE THE STRANGER, MEN!



BUT AS THE GUARDS MOVE TOWARD THE MOUNTIE...



THE ODDS PROVE TOO GREAT FOR REYNOLDS....



OUR ONLY HOPE IS GONE! WE WILL BE ENSLAVED FOREVER!

LET'S RUSH TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND DESTROY THE PURPLE MONSTER!

NO! THEY'D WIPE US ALL OUT!



WHAT THE NOTICE SAYS...

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!
THE PURPLE MONSTER HAS DECREED THAT THE RED COATED STRANGER WILL BE SACRIFICED THIS DAY AS A WARNING TO ALL WHO DEFY HIM..... THE CEREMONY MUST BE WATCHED BY ALL, UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH!!



AS THE CEREMONY BEGINS THE ISLANDERS WATCH WITH SAD FACES...



HIGH UP ON THE ALTAR THE MOUNTIE IS PUSHED INTO THE FEEDER SHAFT....

THE PEOPLE WATCH YOU GO TO YOUR DOOM, RED COAT!



AS REYNOLDS DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW, THE PURPLE SMOKE COVERS THE ENTIRE SHAFT - BUT AS THE MOUNTIE COMES TO THE END OF HIS SLIDE...

WHAT TH-A NET!!



SO! THIS IS WHAT'S INSIDE THE PURPLE SMOKE, EH? A NATURAL GAS WELL! OH-OH-WHAT'S THIS COMING?

REYNOLDS IS RELEASED FROM THE NET AND TAKEN INTO THE POWER DRIVEN CAGE...



THE PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE DEAD, BUT WE'VE GOT ANOTHER USE FOR YOU!

LIKE A FLASH THE MOUNTIE GOES INTO ACTION...



UGH!

THE CAGE BEGINS TO MOVE.....



AS IT COMES TO A HALT REYNOLDS LEAPS FOR COVER...



AROUND THE RIM OF THE CRATER REYNOLDS MAKES HIS WAY.....



AH! THAT MUST BE THE RAT BEHIND THIS PURPLE MONSTER STUNT!



YES, REGI! MAKING USE OF THIS NATURAL GAS WELL TO SCARE THE ISLANDERS WAS A GREAT IDEA!

AND YOUR IDEA OF PROJECTING THE MOVIE SLIDE OF A WEIRD FACE MASK IN THE PURPLE SMOKE FOOLED THEM TOO-HA-HA!



WHAT'S MORE... THIS ISLAND IS SO ISOLATED NO ONE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD CAN BOTHER US!

WHAT-TH!

NO ONE EXCEPT ME, RAT! THIS IS YOUR FINISH!



THE RED COAT'S ESCAPED- GRAB HIM MEN! UGH-

NO-YOU DON'T! AND I'LL TAKE MY GUN BACK, MR. PURPLE MONSTER!

GUARDS!

SEVERAL GAS GUN GUARDS GO INTO ACTION...



COME AND GET IT, MEN!

THERE HE IS!

YOU NEVER FIGURED WHAT'D HAPPEN TO THIS WELL IF SOMEONE FIRED A SHOT IN HERE, EH PURPLE MONSTER?



THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH AS FLAMES ENVELOP THE GUARDS...



AS THE FLAMES IGNITE THE ENTIRE CRATER, REYNOLDS DIVES FOR SAFETY...



IN THE DEEP MURKY WATER HE SEEKS A WAY OUT...



ALONG A SUBTERRANEAN CAVE HE MAKES HIS WAY...



A LIGHT AHEAD... HOPE IT'S A WAY OUT OF HERE!

SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE STRONGHOLD OF THE PURPLE MONSTER...



LATER
A FIGURE CRAWLS OUT FROM A NARROW PASSAGE...



IT'S OUR RED COATED CHAMPION... HE'S ALIVE!

THE MONSTER'S LAIR IS IN RUINS! WE'RE FREE NOW TO LIVE AS WE PLEASE—WHY—WHAT'S WRONG RED COAT!

HA HA! I'LL HAVE TO FIND MY WAY HOME BEFORE I CAN DO ANY LIVING!!



Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

by
HARRY
FRANCO
CAMPBELL

IN
CASE WITHOUT
CLUES

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS PITTED AGAINST HIS MOST FORMIDABLE ANTAGONIST, THE LOVELY SPY SONYA, FRAULEIN DOKTOR'S DAUGHTER.

HIGH ON THE ROOF OF THE APARTMENT WHERE BRUCE BLACKBURN LIVES, A MAN AND A WOMAN DROP A ROPE OVER THE EDGE ABOVE BRUCE'S BEDROOM WINDOW.

YOU KNOW YOUR ORDERS, KARL!

YES, SONYA!



DOWN THE ROPE THE MAN DROPS, TO BRUCE'S WINDOW.



HIS PRECIOUS "SIXTH SENSE" AWAKENS BRUCE...



...AGAINST HIS WINDOW, HE SEES THE FIGURE OF THE MAN.



DIE, AMERICAN!

NOT THIS TIME!



BRUCE GRABS FOR THE INTRUDER, AND MISSES—



UP THE ROPE, WITH THE AGILITY OF A MONKEY, AND...



JUST A MINUTE, YOU MURDERING FOOL!





TALK, BEFORE
I THROW YOU
8 FLOORS,
DOWN TO
THE
STREET!

NO, NO,
I'LL
TALK!



YOU WILL NOT!



E-EE-EYAH!



THE ROOF FOR ME!
SOMEONE'S UP THERE!



BUT AS BRUCE REACHES
THE ROOF, AN AUTOGIRO
TAKES OFF -

SONYA I'LL BET!

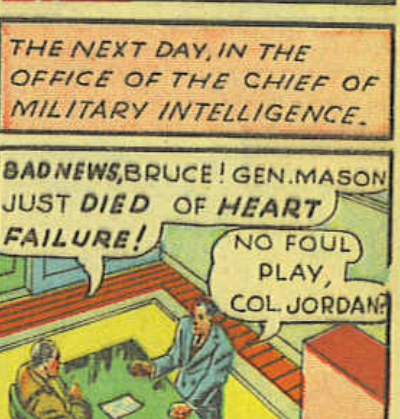
BACK IN BRUCE'S APART-
MENT.



HE DROPPED THIS **HYP-
ODERMIC** SYRINGE - IT'S
EMPTY!



WHY THE DICKENS IS THIS
SYRINGE **EMPTY** -
OH WELL!



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

BAD NEWS, BRUCE! GEN. MASON
JUST DIED OF HEART
FAILURE!

NO FOUL
PLAY,
COL. JORDAN?



THERE WAS A **PUNCTURE** ON
HIS ARM, BUT THE AUTOPSY
SHOWED **NO TRACES OF
POISON!**

SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS
BOTHERS
ME!



THE NEXT DAY....

IT NEVER RAINS, BUT IT
POURS! CAPTAIN STANDISH
DROPPED DEAD, BRUCE!

LIKE MASON!

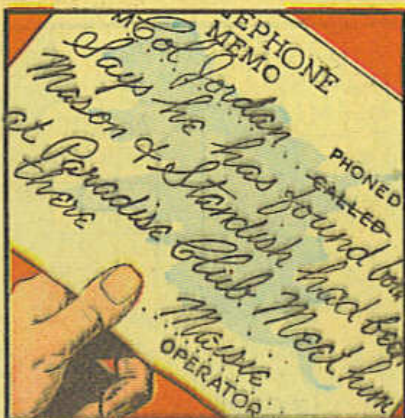


IDENTICALLY, EVEN TO
THE **PUNCTURE** AND
LACK OF **TRACES OF
POISON.**

SOMETHING'S
WRONG, I WISH
I KNEW WHAT!

LATER THAT NIGHT IN BRUCE'S APARTMENT, A MESSAGE.

WHAT'S THIS?



SO, JORDAN WANTS ME TO JOIN HIM, EH? THE PARADISE CLUB IS A HANG-OUT OF INTERNATIONAL SPIES.



SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ESCAPES ME! THAT EMPTY HYPO FROM THE OTHER NIGHT!



GREAT GUNS! LET ME LOOK IT UP!



BRUCE DASHES TO THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

I WAS RIGHT! I'M TO GET TO THE PARADISE CLUB, FAST!

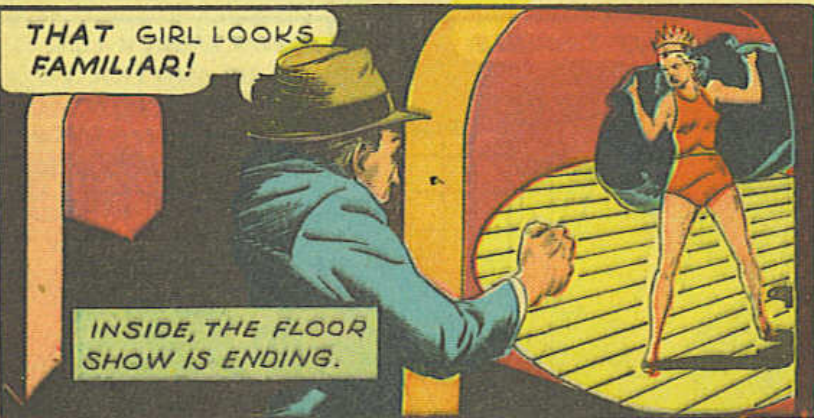


PARADISE CLUB, AND DON'T SPARE THE GAS!



THAT GIRL LOOKS FAMILIAR!

INSIDE, THE FLOOR SHOW IS ENDING.



IF SHE ISN'T SONYA, I'M CRAZY! STILL, WITH THAT MAKE-UP!



SHE'S HEADING FOR JORDAN!



AH, ZE BEAUTIFUL
COLONEL! I SIT WIZ
HEEM!



ER-AH!

HERE, HERE, SO 'ANDSOME!



COLONEL! LOOK OUT,
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!



-GET AWAY FROM
HER!



SO! YOU AGAIN,
BLACKBURN!

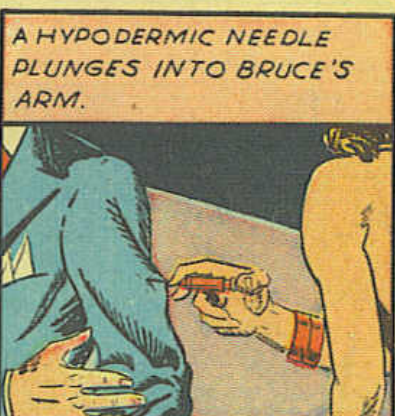


I'M ONTO YOU, SONYA!
DID SHE STICK
YOU,
COLONEL!



NO! BUT YOU
TAKE THIS!

A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE
PLUNGES INTO BRUCE'S
ARM.



DROP THAT!

IT IS TOO
LATE NOW,
MY CAPTAIN!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE
HERE?



PLENTY! LOCK HER
UP, AND HOLD
HER FOR MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE!

THE NAVY YARD, QUICK COLONEL, OR I'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU GET THERE!

GREAT GUNS!

THIS PAIN'S UNBEARABLE! GET TO DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER! STEP ON IT!

I'M GOING SIXTY NOW!

INSIDE THE NAVY YARD...

DECOMPRESS ME - BENDS!



THE PRESSURE BUILDS UP, AND BRUCE RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS.



BRUCE IS CARRIED TO THE BIG IRON CYLINDER -

AN HOUR LATER....

REDUCE THE PRESSURE ANOTHER FIVE POUNDS.



TWO HOURS LATER...

WHAT HAPPENED, BRUCE?

I NEARLY DIED, THAT'S ALL -



- THE SAME WAY MASON AND STANDISH DIED! SHE SHOT A HYPO OF AIR INTO MY VEIN, AND IT BEGAN TO BUBBLE AROUND MY HEART VALVES, LIKE DIVERS' "BENDS".



AND THE CURE IS THE SAME, PRESSURE GRADUALLY REDUCED, TO GET THE EXTRA AIR OUT OF THE VEINS!



TELEPHONE, COL. JORDAN!

I'LL BET SONYA'S ESCAPED!



TWO MINUTES LATER...

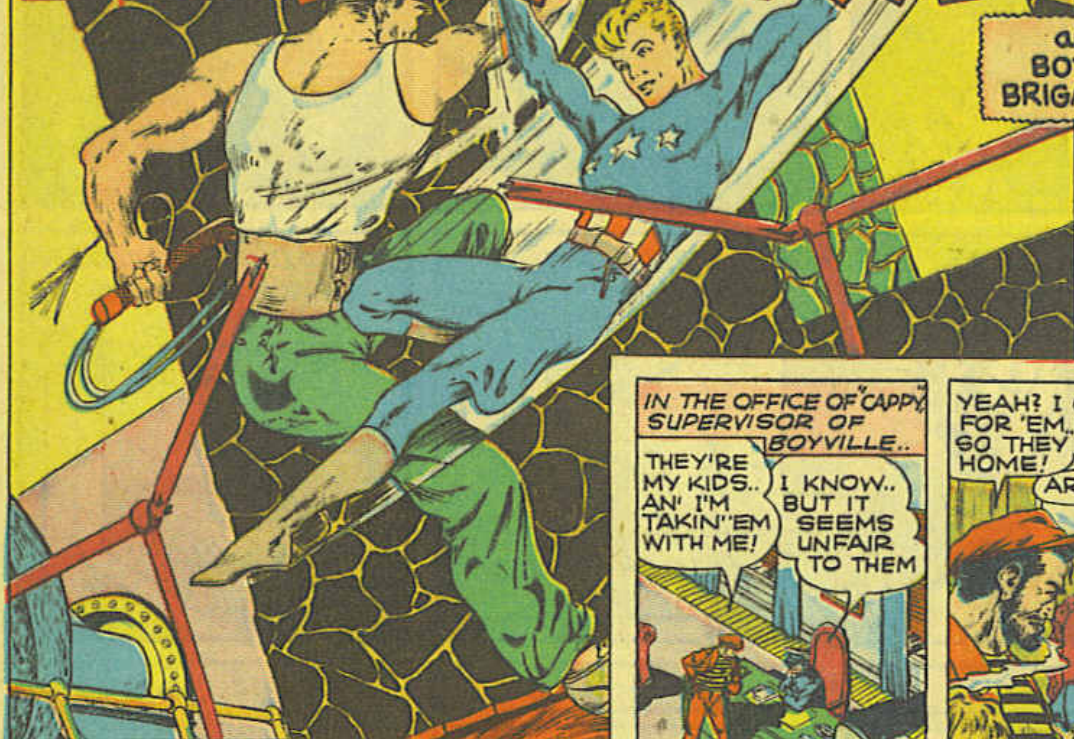
SHE HAS! HOW DOES SHE ALWAYS KNOW? BUT SOMEDAY SHE'LL SLIP, AND WHEN SHE DOES!



RUSTY RYAN

and the
BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS

by
Punk Johnson



AS FOREIGN PROPAGANDISTS TRY TO WORK THEIR WAY INTO BOYVILLE AND UNDERMINE THE YOUTH OF THE COUNTRY, RUSTY RYAN AND FIVE OTHER BOYS FORM THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS... PLEDGED TO UPHOLD "THE AMERICAN WAY"

IN THE OFFICE OF CAPT. SUPERVISOR OF BOYVILLE...

THEY'RE MY KIDS.. AN' I'M TAKIN' 'EM WITH ME!

I KNOW.. BUT IT SEEMS UNFAIR TO THEM



YEAH? I GOT WORK FOR 'EM, LOTS OF IT.. SO THEY COME HOME! W-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?



NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! SHUT UP AN' GIT MOVIN'!

YES, SIR!



I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT.. HIS PAPERS WERE ALL IN ORDER, YET THERE ISN'T THE SLIGHTEST RESEMBLANCE IN FEATURES OR CHARACTER BETWEEN THE FATHER AND THE BOYS.. IF HE WAS THEIR FATHER!



MEANWHILE, AT THE WINDOW BEHIND CAPT. ARE THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, RUSTY?

SOMETHING'S FUNNY ABOUT THIS!



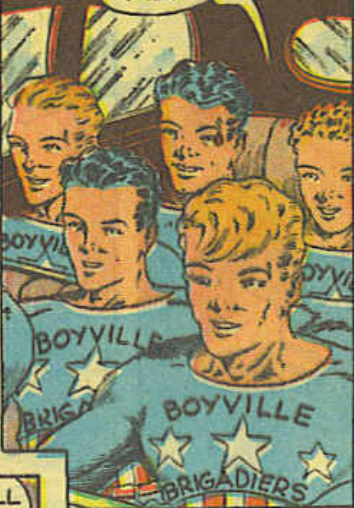
AND WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT WHAT IT IS. WE'LL FOLLOW THIS GUY WHO CLAIMS TO BE BUS AND JACK'S FATHER EVEN IF HE GOES TO CHINA!



A SHORT TIME LATER, TWO CARS MOVE ALONG THE HIGHWAY HEAD-ING NORTH...



IT'S A GOOD THING HIS CAR ISN'T TOO NEW. WE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH THEM!



SCHOOL... HA... HA... HA-HA! IT'S ALL OVER, BRATS.. IN AN HOUR YOU'LL BE WORKIN' FOR ME FOR A CHANGE!



YES SIR!

IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, THE FIRST CAR STOPS AT AN OLD, ABANDONED MILL BELOW A ROARING WATER-FALL..



HEY.. HE CAN'T TELL ME THAT'S HIS HOME! THAT OLD MILL HASN'T BEEN USED SINCE THE BRIDGE OVER TO IT BROKE DOWN.. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET OUT TO IT!



SMILEY. LISTEN!

JOE.. I'M BACK... TOSS ME TH' LINE!



DON'T DROP IT THISA TIME!



GIT THESE STRAPS AROUND YOU.. YOU'RE GOIN' FOR A RIDE!



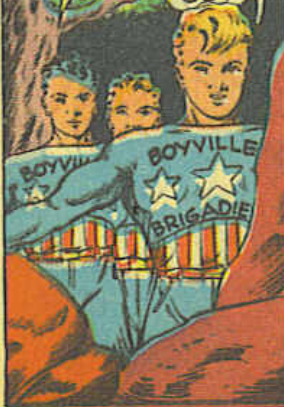
S'MATTER-SCARED? HA-HA!

N-NO GIR!



HOLY SMOKES! I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?

IF WE CAN GET WHISKERS OUT OF THE WAY WE MAY FIND OUT!



THE BRIGADIERS CREEP UP BEHIND THE BEARDED MAN TO SPRING UPON HIM..



WHEN SUDDENLY..

HI YA, BOSS.. I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WASN'T COMIN'!

KEEP MY DATES!



I GOT TH' KIDS... JUST SENT 'EM OVER TO JOE!

I KNOW! HERE IS YOUR FIVE HUNDRED!

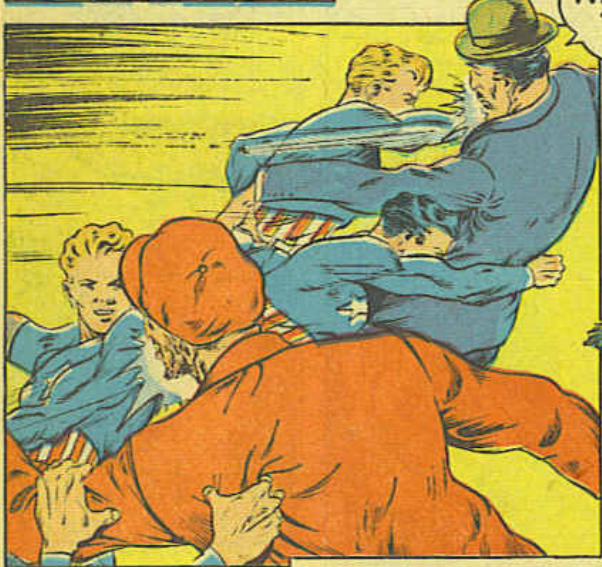
NOW, I NEED TWO MORE! I HAVE THE PAPERS ALL IN ORDER... PICK THEM UP AT THE YORKTOWN ORPHANAGE!

SURE! AT TWO-FIFTY A PIECE, I'LL PLAY OLD MAN TO EVERY ORPHAN IN TH' COUNTRY...

GOOD, NOW GET GOING!

HOLY SMOKES... WE WERE RIGHT! BUT WHAT'S THE GAG?

WE'LL FIND OUT LATER! C'MON!



WHAT TH'?

THAT'LL HOLD YOU!



THEY'LL BE OUT FOR AN HOUR ANYWAY! NOW, OVER TO THE MILL TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON THERE!

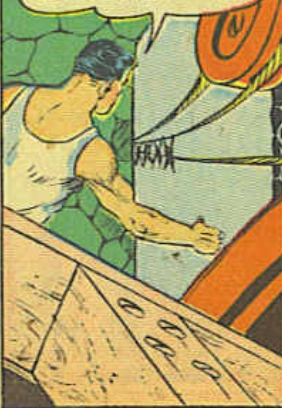


IF ANYONE STARTS TO SLIP, YELL, AND THE ONE IN FRONT AND BEHIND WILL GRAB HIM!



MEANWHILE, AT THE OLD MILL...

WHAT'S THIS COMIN' OFF? KIDS... HOLY CATS! IT'S THEM BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS!



SO YOU WISE PUNKS THINK YOU'RE GOIN' SNOOPIN' AROUND HERE, EH?



AS THE MAN PULLS THE ROPE, HE RELEASES THE DEVICE HOLDING THE PULLEY TO THE TREE ACROSS THE STREAM...



WITHOUT WARNING THE
BRIGADIERS STREAK
DOWNWARD..



HOLD TIGHT
FELLAS..I
THINK WE CAN
STILL MAKE
IT!



AS THE ROPE TIGHTENS,
THE BRIGADIERS FALL
IS BROKEN AND THEY
HEAD FOR ONE OF
THE LOWER WINDOWS



PARDON
US!



THE BRIGADIERS!

BUS..
JACK!



AT THE SAME
TIME..

STAND WHERE
YOU ARE, YOU
BRAZEN BRATS!



I NEVER TRIED
PITCHING A MONKEY
WRENCH BEFORE..
BUT..



HOW MANY MORE OF
THESE RATS ARE
THERE HERE!



TWO..
UPSTAIRS!

A MOMENT LATER..



OH-OH..
LOOK
AT
THIS!

THAT'S
WHAT
THEY PRINT
HERE, AND
THAT'S WHY
WE WERE
BROUGHT
HERE..TO HELP
PRINT THEM!



WITH THINGS
UNDER CONTROL...

THIS TAKES THE
CAKE.. NO WONDER
THEY'RE PULLING
THIS 'FATHER'
BUSINESS.. THERE
ISN'T AN AMERICAN
ALIVE THAT WOULD
TOUCH THIS WITH
A TEN-FOOT POLE!
LET'S CLEAN UP
AND GET MOVING..
THIS PLACE IS CLOS-
ING
DOWN!



MASTERS METEOR

BY ROBERT M. MATHES



The earth-shaking explosion came at dusk, just two in the morning. Windows in the town of Socorro, New Mexico, shattered. Distant ranches burned the wires for details, and by dawn the whole country within fifty miles of the mighty detonation was in an uproar.

What had caused the terrific blast? That was the question on everybody's lips.

It was partially answered by a Forest Ranger, who drove into Socorro about three in the afternoon and told astonished residents that a meteor had fallen about fifteen miles southeast of the town. He said it had dug a hole a quarter-mile across and three hundred feet deep.

By evening, the news services had circulated the story nationally. The consensus of opinion was that a meteor of vast proportions had burst itself in the hard New Mexican terrain. Had it fallen upon a city—?

Scientists from Lowell Observatory rushed the spot, and gave out an amazing report. The "meteor" pieces of which they recovered, was not stone, but case-hardened steel! That it was a man-made shell there could be no doubt. But what cannon ever built was large enough to hurl such a projectile? And from where?

News reporters went quite mad over the scoop. Was the "New Mexico Meteor" a giant bomb dropped by some space ship from another planet? Had the Nazis devised a weapon capable of wiping out the entire country with a few shots?

The Saturday following the exciting event, radios throughout the land changed suddenly into instruments of terror. For out of their speakers issued a solemn, deadly voice.

"People of America, attention! You face a horrible death. I who speak to you am The Master. I can crush the world if I so desire. The shell I hurled into New Mexico was but a warning of the power I wield. That shell was fired from an instrument two thousand miles distant. I can fire one five thousand miles.

Take heed, then. In five days I shall destroy New York. On the sixth day

Philadelphia will be blown to bits. Each day thereafter one eastern city will be demolished . . . until all populous centers are laid waste. Go now therefore away from these cities, or perish. The Master has spoken!"

Those who remember Orson Welles' dramatic broadcast will recall the consternation wrought by his "Martian invasion." But that was nothing compared to the terror inspired by this unknown voice out of the ether. Science had already established that the great crater in New Mexico was made by some infernal machine of man's devising.

A few hours after the radio warning, roads leading from every eastern city were blocked by a mighty exodus of people leaving their homes—going westward. Though Government agencies, newspapers and radio networks had tried their best to prevent it, they were powerless to stop the monumental trek.

Many stayed behind, postponing the warning, but although they effected a certain nonchalance, the morale was broken. The fear of the unknown is a consuming fear.

The dreaded fifth day came. At five in the afternoon, residents of eastern Long Island heard, above the slightly lessened traffic roar, a shrill screaming whistle. Then a large warehouse on the waterfront literally disintegrated with a detonation that was heard fifty miles. That was not all. For blocks on either side of the warehouse, and inland, buildings crumpled into dust. Ships in the harbor shattered and sank, and hundreds of people died.

A few hours later, radio gave out an estimated figure of the appalling devastation wrought by the mysterious explosion. *Explosion!* Could this indeed be the frightful work of "The Master"? Sober minds scoured the idea. But then it came again, that menacing voice from the air lanes:

"Beware, you who doubt and scoff! I was lenient with you for the first and last time. I purposely aimed my shell at eastern Long Island. Some of you died.

Tens of thousands of you will die tomorrow. Therefore I warn you, leave at once, or get down. I will destroy all of New York!"

Panic followed that message. People turned and some died. A few killed themselves. The superstitious proclaimed the end of the world at hand. Business stopped. And fear—mankind's worst enemy, glared on the shaken populace.

The schooner *Cyrene*, with its sleek nose lined unashamedly into the Gulf trade, kept a steady course westward. The *Dry Tortugas* was its destination. They are a scattered group of islets southwest of the Florida Keys. They rock with gory tales of pirates and buried treasure. And they bear the scars of Old Man Hurricane, who on occasion beguiles the Gulf with his biting breath.

"We're in for a blow," said Perry Scott, at the helm of the craft. "Maybe we'd better pick up one of the Tortuga islets, and let 'em rip."

Sgt. Mercer, head of a Miami salvage company, nodded. "Go to it, Perry. No use tryin' to dodge reefs in a puff."

They nosed into a small cove just at sundown and got snug for the blow. Jack Wales, their radio operator, tried to get "outside," but reported that the static was too hot.

"Funny, though," he said. "There's been no lightning. Static shouldn't bother us." He changed over to the local band, with the same results. "Sufferin' snakes," he piped. "I can't even get Miami!"

Perry said, "Must be some parent interference around here . . . but what?"

Shortly after eight that night, Perry came up on deck for a sniff of air. The wind was up, but the storm had not broken. Off to the right a light twinkled. A light! The island was supposed to be uninhabited. Maybe . . . all sorts of subterfuges were at work, plotting things against America. Well, that might well be the hangout of some dangerous gang!

Perry hurriedly slipped into pajamas and stuck a gun in his pocket. Then he slipped into the rowboat and headed for shore. It was tough going, inland, because of twisted liana and crotchers, but in thirty minutes he had reached a point where he could see the light. And something else. Nearby was a leaning structure that looked, in the gloom, like a giant observatory telescope rigging. Could it be that a group of astronomers were studying some planets from this spot? Hardly.

The light shone from a single window in a small galvanized iron shack. It was built on a pier, and anchored close to shore was a powerful anchor.

Making his way silently to the window, Perry gazed in. "Hairy monster!" he said under his breath. "What a monster!"

One whole wall of the shack was a giant radio panel and control board for some machine. Tubes and globes gave off weird, fluctuating lights. In the middle of the floor was a series of levers and another panel covered with dials and meters. Stacked about the room were boxes of what looked like dynamite or TNT.

"What the heck is this?" Perry asked himself.

Four men conversed in a tongue Perry couldn't understand. Then one of them went to the big panel and threw in a switch. He began talking, this time in English, into a mike.

"People of America, this is your last chance. At exactly midnight, I shall blow New York off the face of the earth. Leave, I command you! Leave"—his voice rose to a maniacal shriek—"leave, or I'll blast all of America to bits! The Master has spoken."

The speaker switched off the set and turned to his colleagues, grinning evilly. He said something, and the others laughed.

It was enough for Perry. Maybe it was all a joke, but it looked too real for that. Maybe these men had some mysterious machine for carrying out their threat. Strange inventions are born of war and hate. And they didn't look crazy, by any means, these four men.

Perry dashed back to the schooner and related his weird story to Mercer and the crew.

"Well, what'll we do?" Mercer asked.

"I'll tell you," said Perry. "We've got fifty drums of high test gasoline aboard. Maybe those chaps are nuts, or maybe we are, but we don't know. The wind's from the west. Get it?"

Mercer grinned. "Right! It can do no more than rout them and wreck their plaything. They have a fast cruiser. Let's get going!"

An hour later, the crew of the *Cyrena* was emptying gasoline into the Gull, about a quarter-mile off the tiny island they had quitted. When all fifty drums had gone overboard, Perry tossed down

a lighted piece of waste. The gasoline caught with a muffled roar, and the wind shot the flames toward the island. Ten minutes later they were crawling over the island, toward the iron shack. It was too hot now to hear music, but not long after that there on board the schooner heard the whirr of a powerful marine motor.

Then suddenly the island blew up with a mighty pall of flame. In the glare, Perry saw the cruiser heading eastward at a fast clip.

It was several days later that the Coast Guard investigated the wreckage on the island, which Perry Scott had reported. They found the charred remains of a huge rocket tube, with an exploded projectile in its breach. It was aimed, according to trajectory experts, directly toward New York. But of course, few persons connected this with the great radio scare. People were always making rockets.

MORE ADVENTURES OF PERRY SCOTT
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS / ON SALE
SEPTEMBER 24



Be sure your new bike has this famous brake!

BUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! Many ball bearings! It is lighter than any other coaster brake. That means less weight, smoother running, and easy pedaling. Big heavy brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Invest on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.



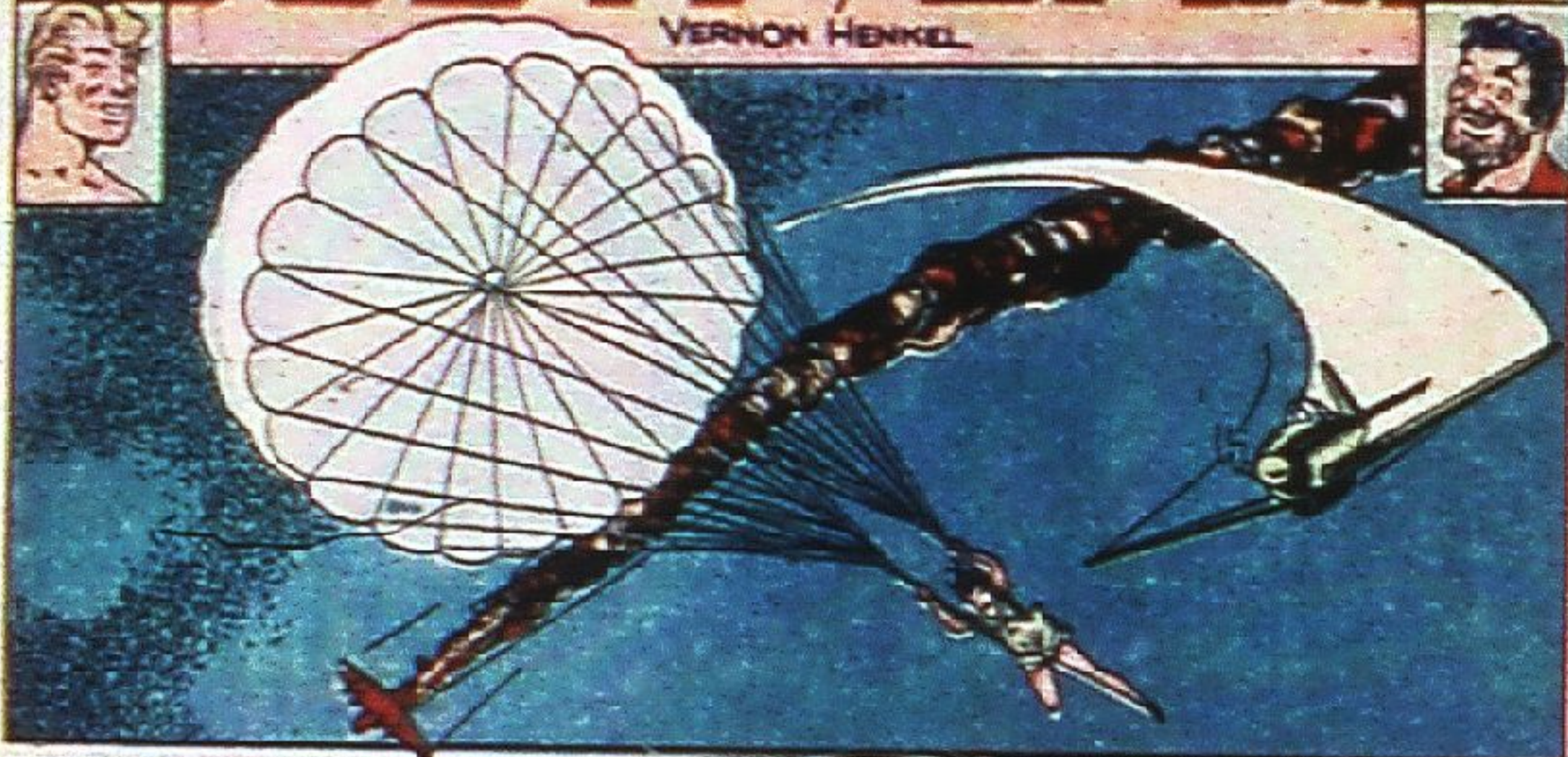
MORROW COASTER BRAKE



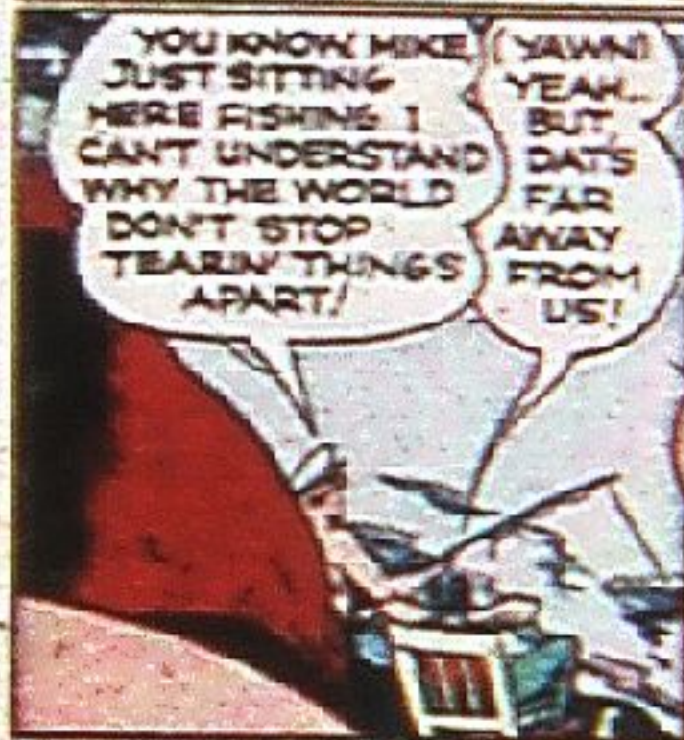
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIS DIVISION, BENDIS, N. Y.

DUSTY DANE

by
VERNON HENKEL



ON A SMALL ISLAND OFF SAMOA



YOU KNOW MIKE, JUST SITTING HERE FISHING. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE WORLD DON'T STOP TEARIN' THINGS APART!

(YAWN) YEAH, BUT DAT'S FAR AWAY FROM US!



HEY..LOOK AT THAT BIG PLANE..HE MUST BE FLYING FROM SYDNEY TO THE HAWAII ISLANDS!



GEE! I'LL BET THERE'S SOME EXOTIC BABE RIDING UP THERE IN THOSE CLOUDS, MIKE!



O.K. DON JUAN. DREAM ON!

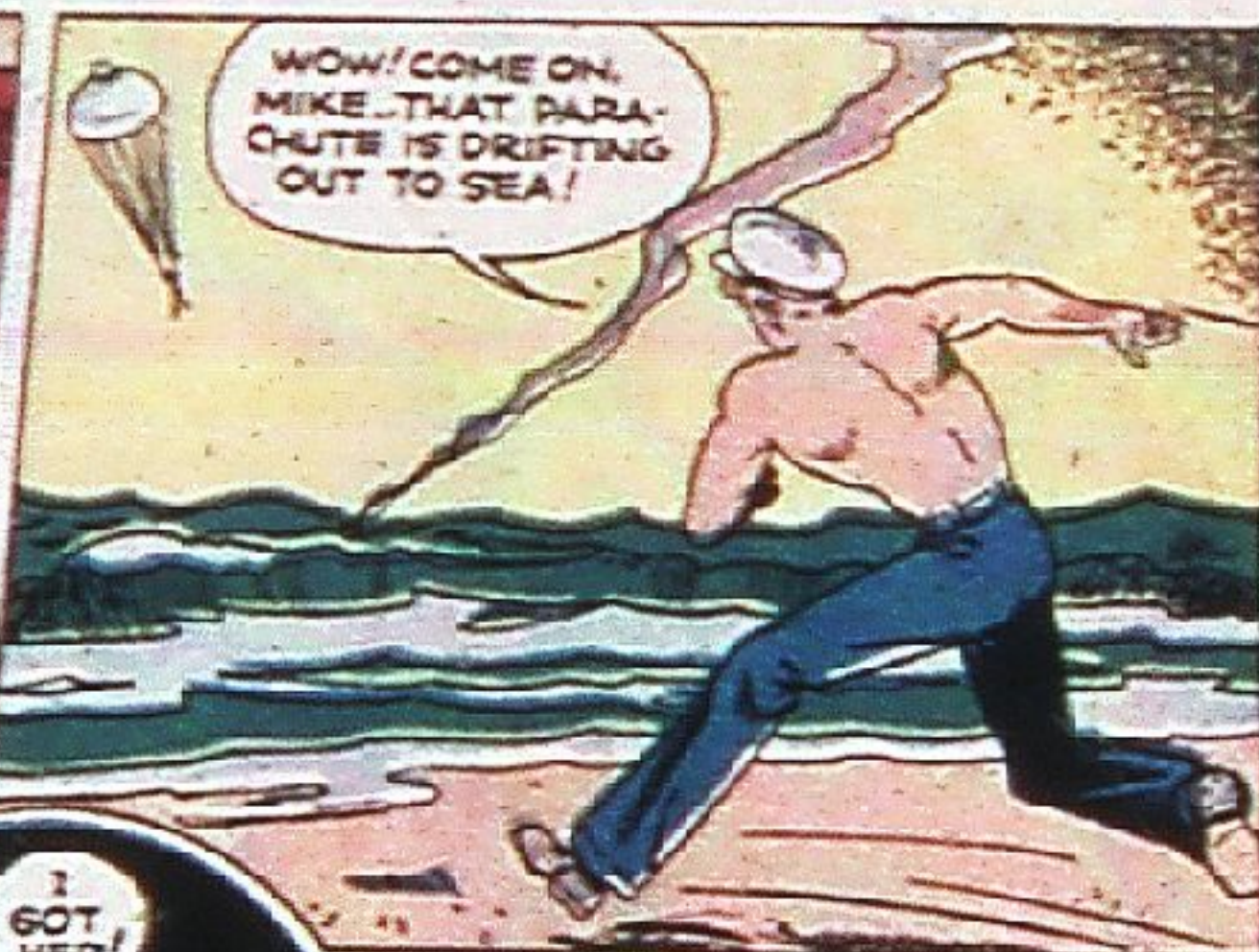
LOOK! THERE'S ANOTHER PLANE FOLLOWING IT.. IT LOOKS LIKE A FIGHTER PLANE



..IT'S HEADING IT OFF.. FIRING AT IT!



A FEMINE FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE STRICKEN PLANE...



WOW! COME ON, MIKE... THAT PARA-CHUTE IS DRIFTING OUT TO SEA!



I GOT HER!



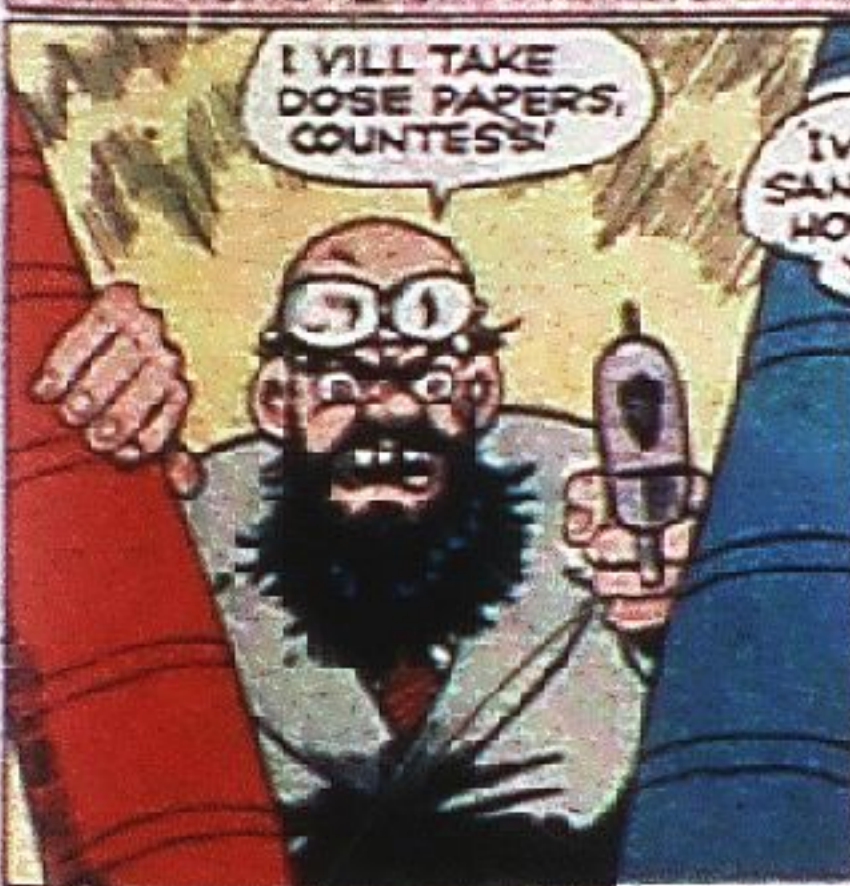
HOLY MACKERAL! IT'S A GIRL! IF SHE DON'T GET OUTA THAT 'CHUTE SHE'LL DROWN!



YOU WERE ALMOST A GONER!

TRULY SPOKEN, MISTER AND IF I, COUNTESS TRINSKY DON'T GET THESE PAPERS BACK TO MY COUNTRY IT WILL BE TOO BAD FOR EVERYBODY!

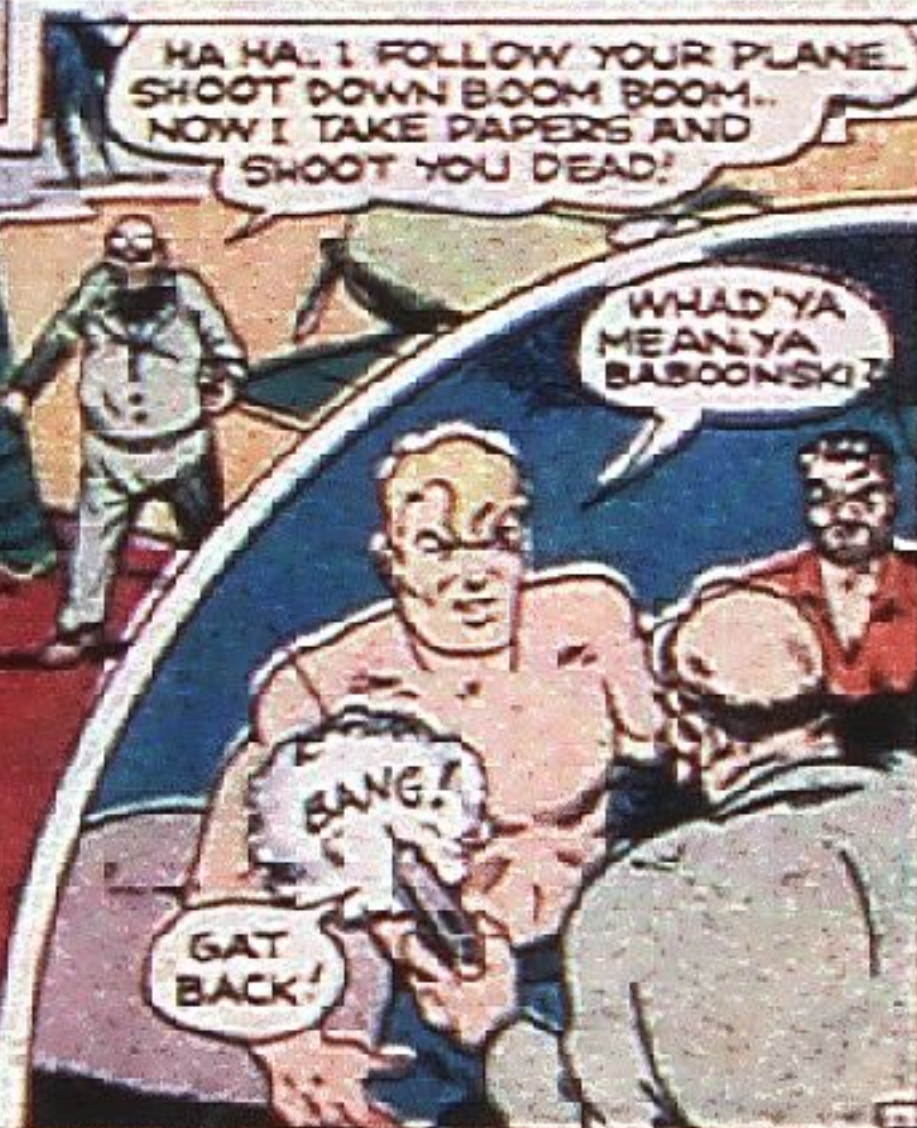
SUDDENLY A LEERING FACE EMERGES FROM A GROVE OF PALM TREES...



I WILL TAKE DOSE PAPERS, COUNTESS!



IVAN SANOVITCH, HOW DID YOU?

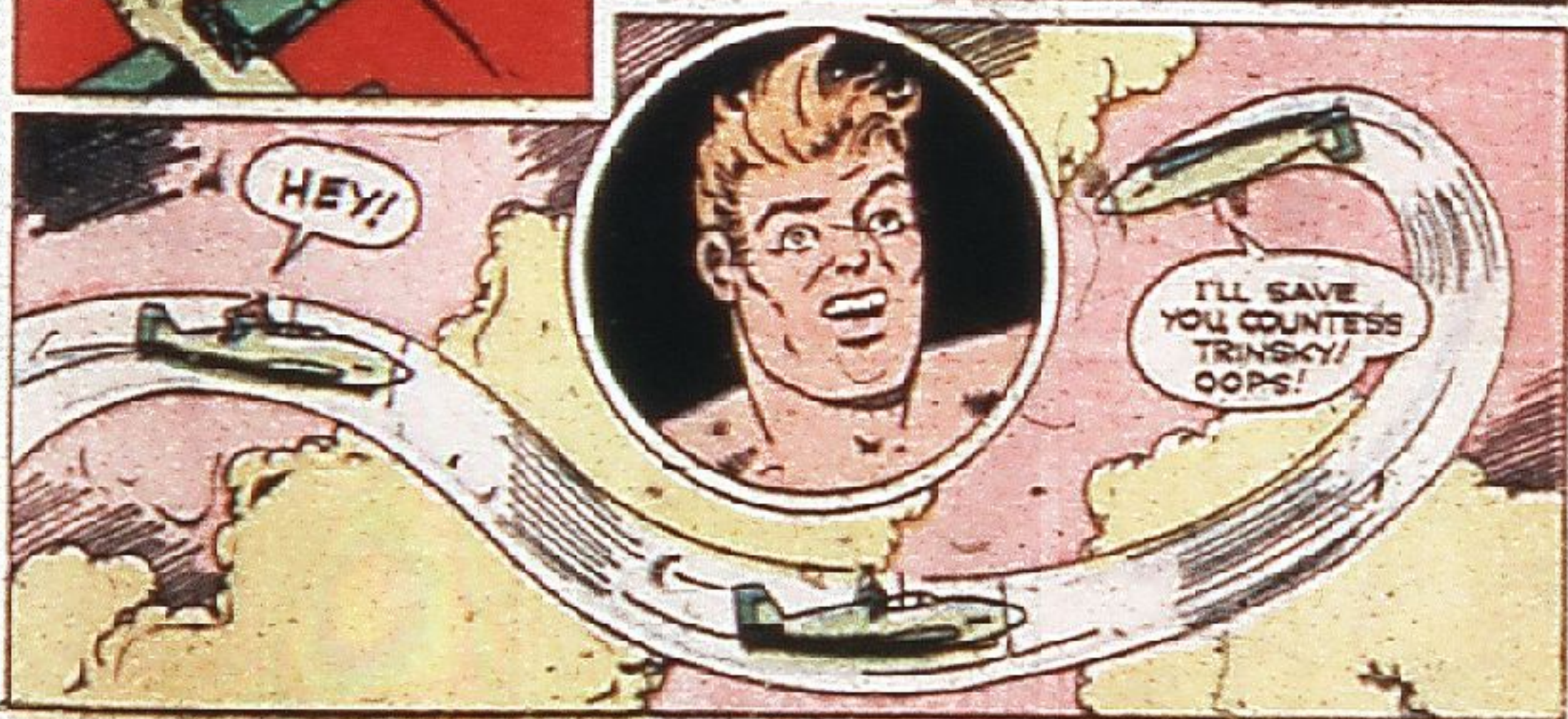


HA HA! I FOLLOW YOUR PLANE. SHOOT DOWN BOOM BOOM... NOW I TAKE PAPERS AND SHOOT YOU DEAD!

WHAD'YA MEAN YA BABOONSKI?

BANG!
GAT BACK!



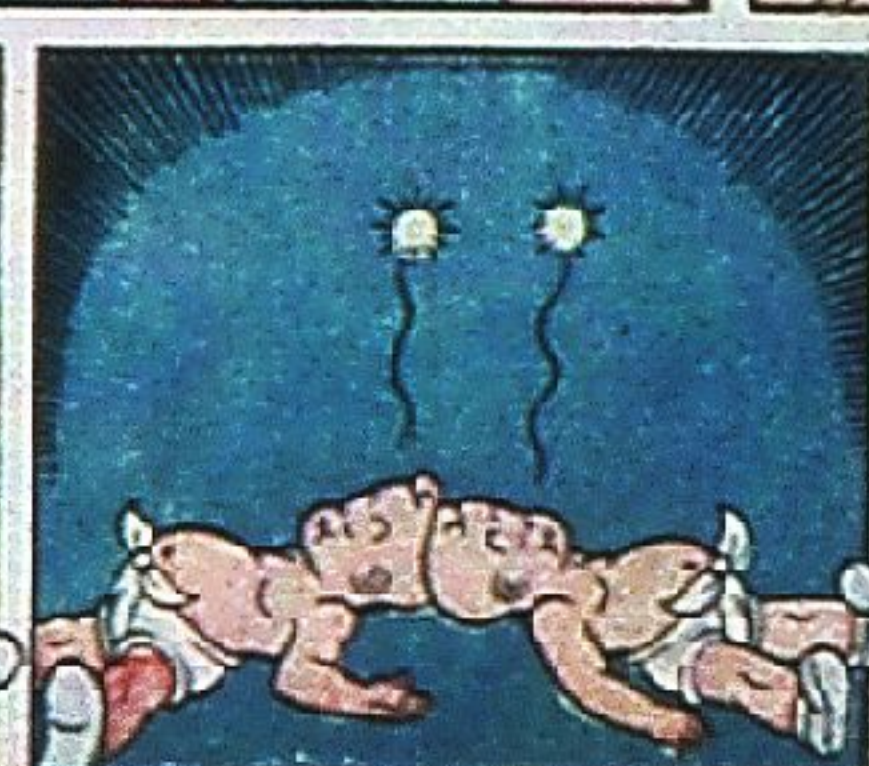
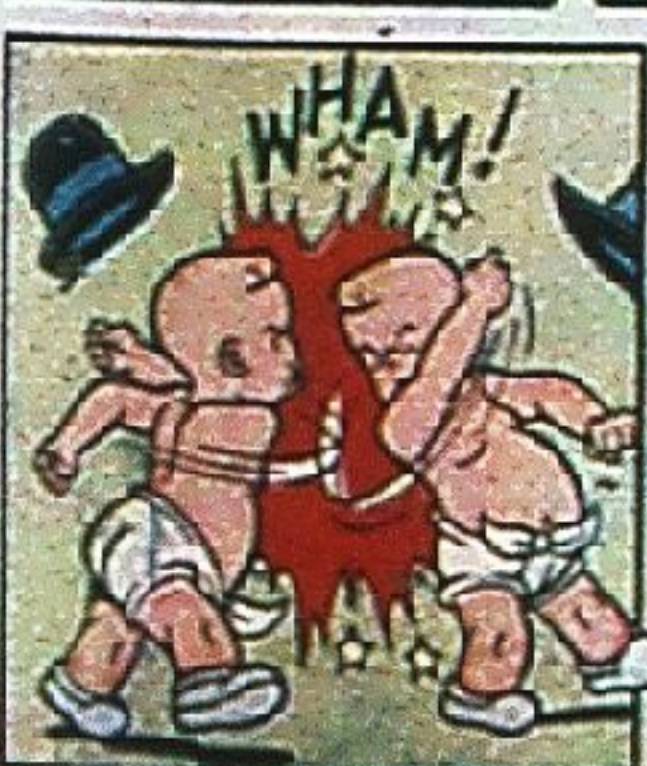
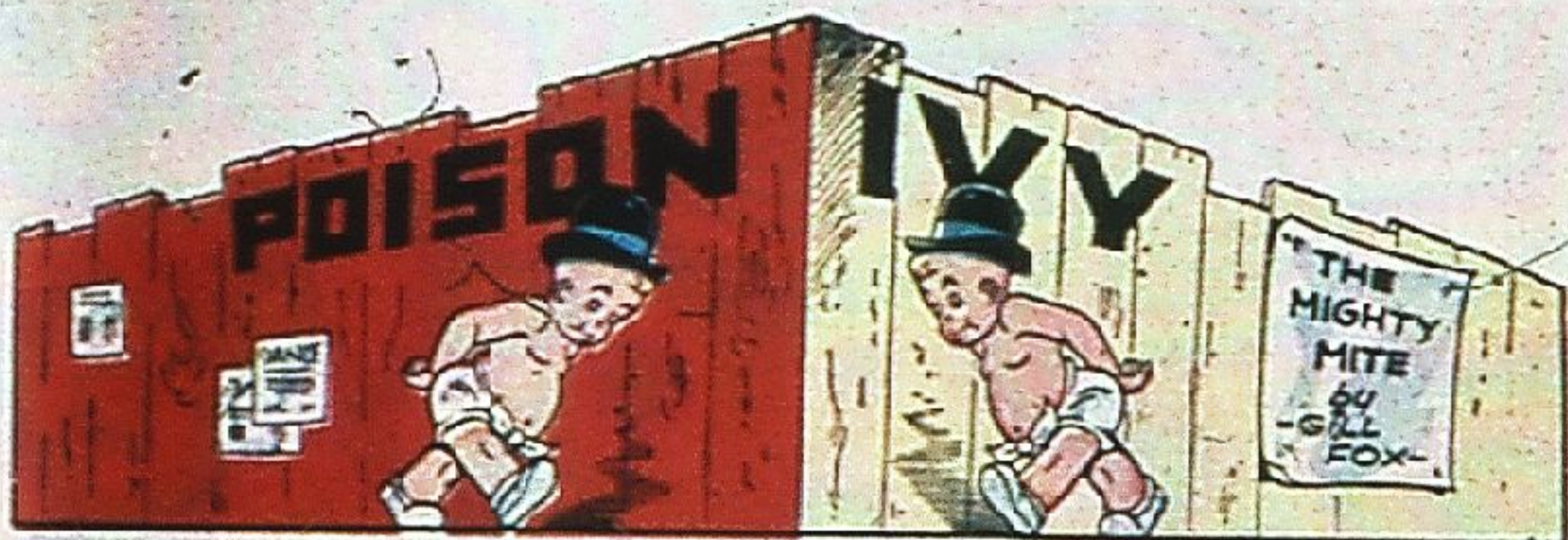


HOMER DOODLE -

AND SON



FEATURE COMICS combines the best in humor, action and adventure.



DEAR READER,
THE EDITOR ASKED ME
TO CUT POISON IVY
TO ONE PAGE. KNOW-
ING POISON WOULD
NEVER CONSENT TO
THIS AND BEING THAT
HE'S THE STRONGEST
GUY IN THE WORLD, I
HAD TO CREATE THIS
OTHER POISON IVY
SO THAT THEY WOULD
KNOCK EACH OTHER
OUT BEFORE THE
SECOND PAGE.
THE ARTIST

THE FARGO KID

CHAMPION OF THE UNDERDOG, THE FARGO KID, IN REALITY TIM TURNER, FIGHTS THE LAWLESSNESS OF THE WEST WITH BRAINS, COURAGE AND A PAIR OF 45'S...

A GROUP OF RANCHERS ARE EXCITEDLY DISCUSSING THEIR MISSING CATTLE...

MEN, THIS RUSTLIN' HAS GOT TO STOP!!

SURE, BUT HOW... THE CATTLE JUST SEEM TO VANISH FROM THE EARTH..



THE OWNER OF THE BOX B SPEAKS UP...

YEA! WE'VE ALL BEEN LOSING CATTLE... I'VE AN IDEA THAT SADDLE TRAMP IS BEHIND IT.. HE'S A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS... WHERE'D HE COME FROM?... WHAT'S HIS NAME? HUH??



HIS REMARKS ARE DIRECTED AT THE FARGO KID... WHO PRETENDS TO BE ASLEEP...

HMM... THAT BLACK-WHISKERED POLECAT'S TRYING TO THROW SUSPICION ON ME... I WONDER WHY?



THE NEXT DAY THE KID RIDES OUT INTO THE HILLS AND SCANS THE BOX B RANCH WITH BINOCULARS..



THIS IS WHAT HE SEES ON ONE SECTION OF THE RANCH...



FUNNY ONLY THAT PART OF THE RANCH IS FENCED IN AND GUARDED... GUESS I'LL RIDE DOWN THERE...



A GUARD CONFRONTS FARGO...

KEEP AMOVIN' STRANGER... RECKON I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR NIGHT-FALL TO GET IN..

CAN'T YUH READ..?



AT NIGHT THE FARGO KID
CAUTIOUSLY CUTS THROUGH
THE BARBWIRE...



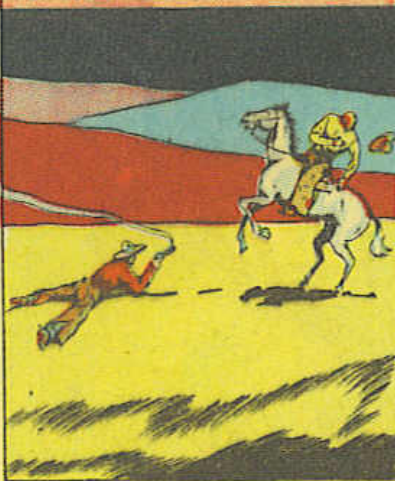
AND ENTERS...



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE DARK-
NESS A GUARD APPEARS...



BUT BEFORE THE GUARD
CAN FIRE THE KID DROPS
TO THE GROUND, SHOOTING...



THE SHOTS ATTRACT AN-
OTHER GUARD WHO SHOUTS
OUT...



AN HOUR LATER...

NOTHIN' SUSPICIOUS HAS
TURNED UP YET...
WAIT A MINUTE...
(SNIFF)...
THERE'S PLENTY
OF DUST IN THE AIR...
CATTLE MUST HAVE
PASSED HERE
RECENTLY!!



YEP, FRESH SIGN...
LUCKY THERE'S
A MOON OUT...
I'LL TRAIL
THEM!



FOLLOWING THE TRACKS THE
FARGO KID IS AMAZED TO
SEE THEM DISAPPEAR IN-
TO THE FACE OF A CLIFF...



BUT ON CLOSER INSPECTION
THE KID FINDS A CAMOUFLAGED
ENTRANCE TO A LARGE
CAVERN...

I'LL
SOON FIND
OUT WHAT'S
HAPPENING
AROUND
HERE!



LEAVING HIS HORSE OUT-
SIDE HE ENTERS...



OH! OH!
LIGHTS
UP AHEAD!

CAUTIOUSLY THE FARGO
KID MOVES AHEAD AND
DEEP IN THE CAVERN
HE COMES UPON A
STRANGE SIGHT
REVEALED BY
BLAZING PINE KNOT
TORCHES.

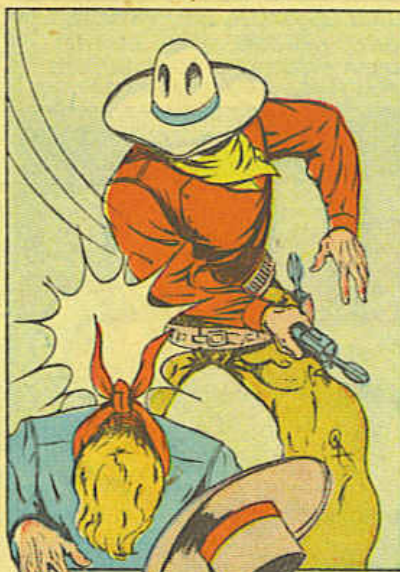
NO WONDER
NO TRACE HAS EVER BEEN
FOUND OF THE MISSING CATTLE
THEY'RE PUT ON RAFTS AND
FERRIED TO THE OUTSIDE ON
THAT UNDERGROUND RIVER!!



SLIPPING FROM SHADOW TO
SHADOW HE COMES UPON A
GUARD...



HERE GOES...
I'VE GOT TO
GET BY
HIM!

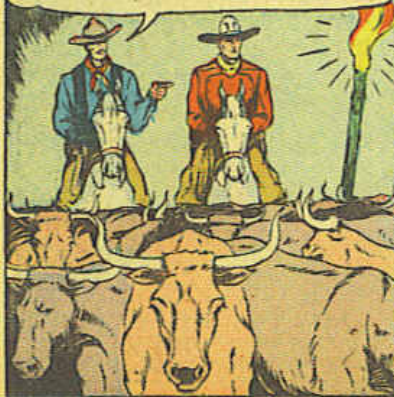


BORROWING A HORSE THE
KID WORKS UNSUSPECTED
WITH THE MEN, AND SOON
HE IS JOURNEYING DOWN
THE RIVER ON A RAFT...



MILES PASS AND IT IS DAWN WHEN
THEY APPROACH THE EXIT...
ONE OF THE MEN SPEAKS TO
FARGO KID...

THE BOSS WILL
SURE BE PLEASED WITH THIS
BIG HAUL... THERE HE IS NOW!!



I SURE
HOPE HE
DOESN'T
RECOGNIZE
ME!

BUT SUDDENLY THE BOSS
SHOUTS OUT...

HUH? WHY THERE'S THAT
SADDLE BUM!! GET
HIM!! HE'S WISE
TO OUR GAME!



WITH BULLETS SCREAMING
AROUND HIM THE FARGO KID
SENDS HIS HORSE INTO THE
RIVER...



COME ON
BOY! JUST A
LITTLE MORE..

HE REACHES THE BANK SAFELY
AND THUNDERS OFF...

LATER... THE KID LEADS A
POSSE...

THERE
THEY ARE BOYS..
GIVE IT TO
'EM!!



A GUN BATTLE ENSUES...

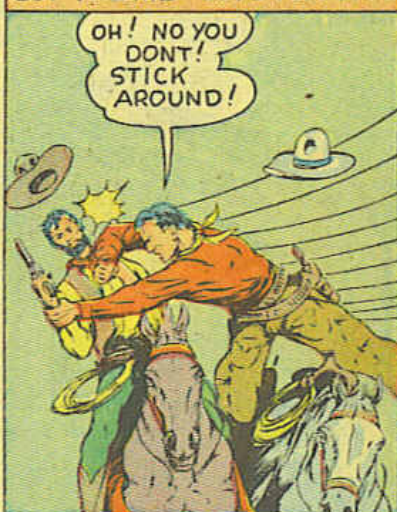


MEANWHILE THE BOX B
OWNER BECOMES ALARMED..



I'VE GOTTA GET
OUT OF HERE!

BUT THE KID CUTS HIM OFF..



OH! NO YOU
DONT!
STICK
AROUND!



YOU'LL TRY
TO FRAME
ME...
HUH?



DON'T HIT ME ANY
MORE! DON'T!! I'LL TELL
YA EVERY-
THING...

LATER THE FARGO KID
REVEALS THE PLOT TO HIS
COHORTS.

...AND HE SHOULDN'T
HAVE GUARDED AND FENCED
ONE SECTION OF LAND..
THAT'S WHAT
GAVE HIM
AWAY!

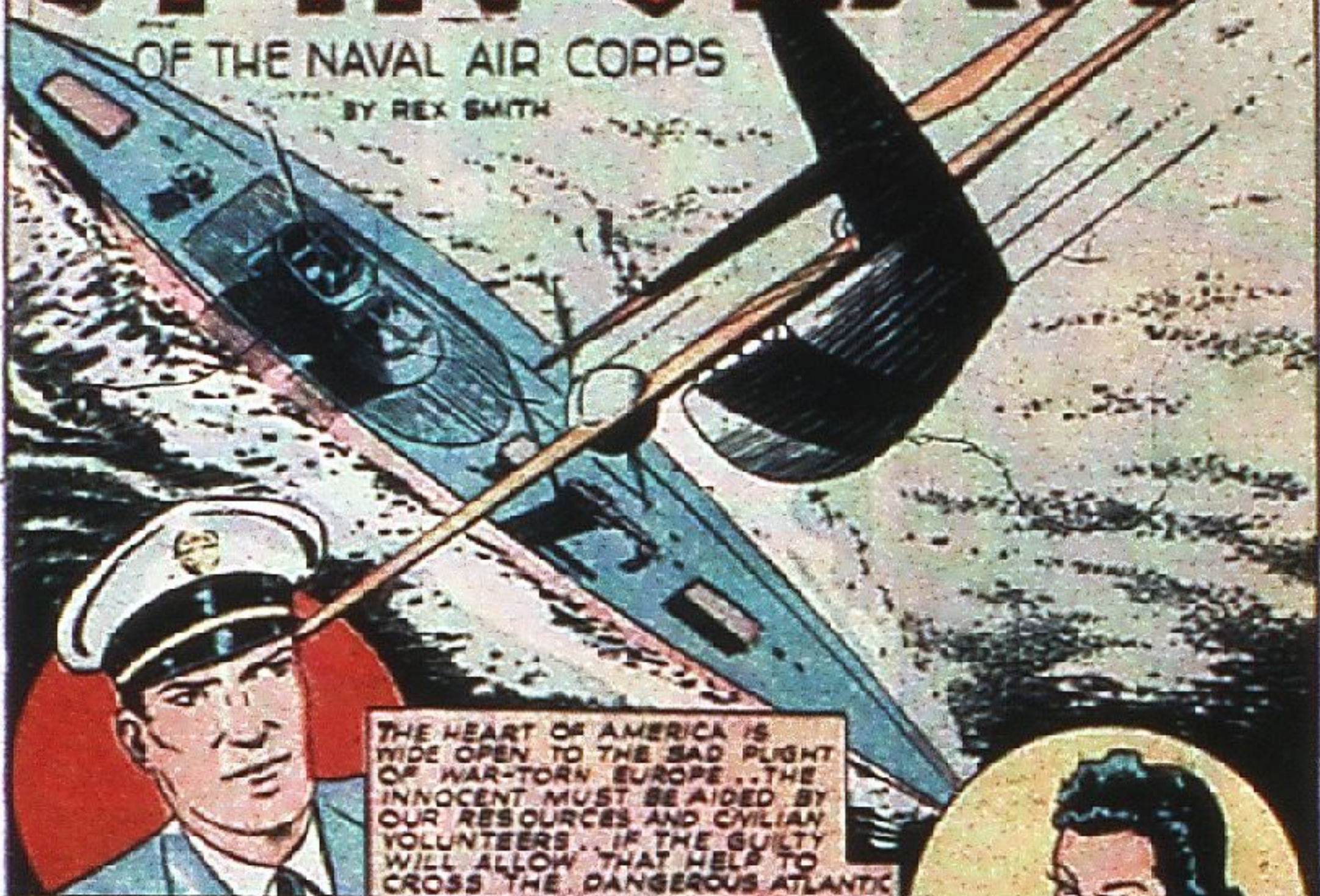


AGAIN THE FARGO KID WILL
DEAL OUT HIS OWN JUSTICE..
IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE..

SPIN SHAW

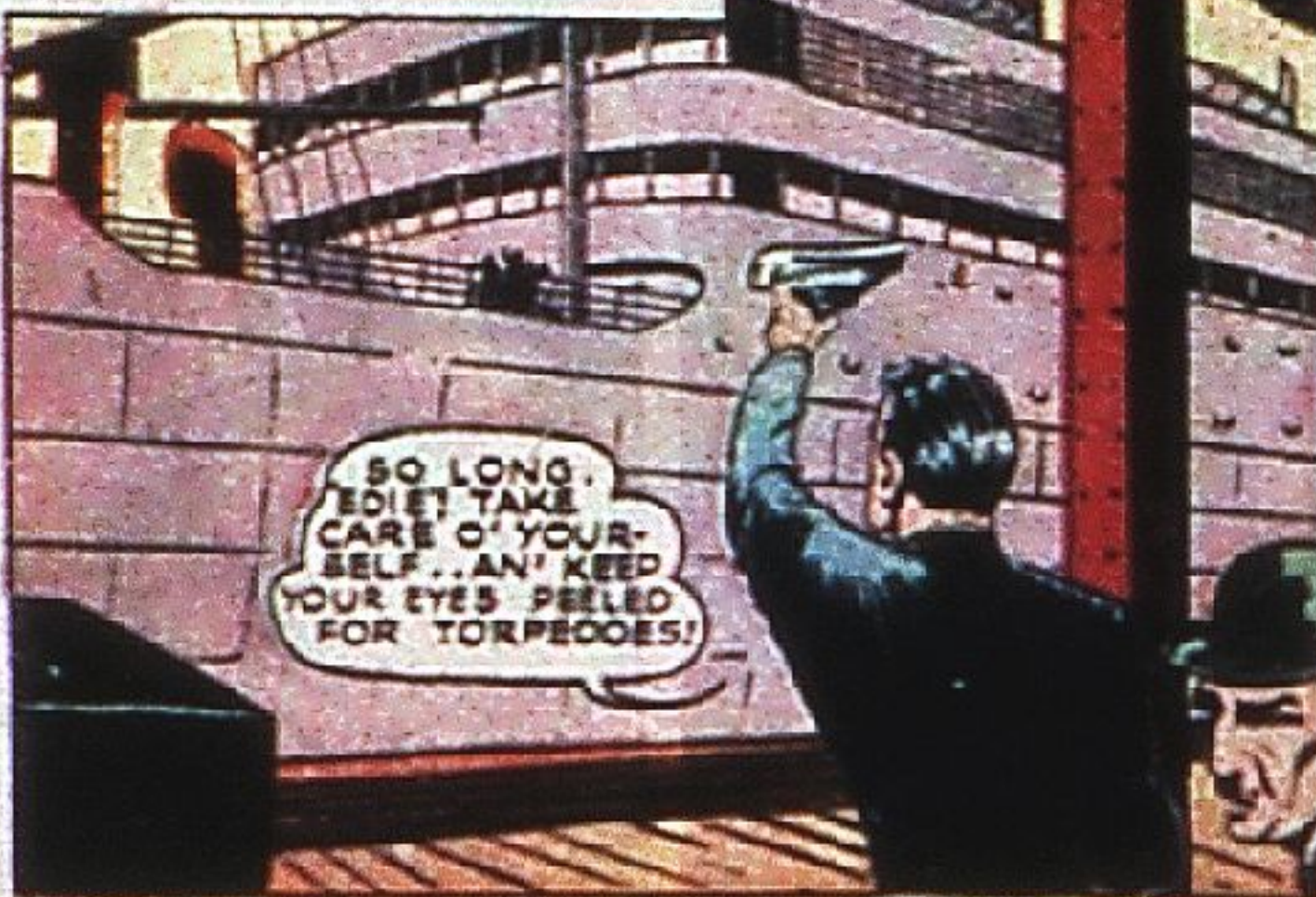
OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

BY REX SMITH



THE HEART OF AMERICA IS WIDE OPEN TO THE SAD FLIGHT OF WAR-TORN EUROPE...THE INNOCENT MUST BE AIDED BY OUR RESOURCES AND CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS...IF THE GUILTY WILL ALLOW THAT HELP TO CROSS THE DANGEROUS ATLANTIC

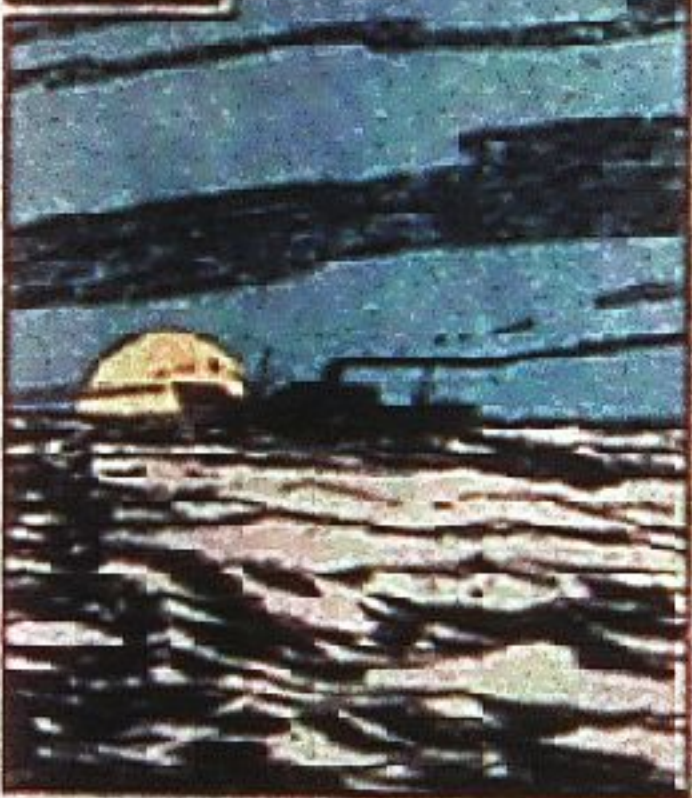
SPIN BIDS HIS SISTER EDITH GOOD VOYAGE...SHE SAILS ON THE "ZANZIBAR" BOUND FOR LISBON WHERE SHE WILL HELP CARE FOR FRENCH WAR REFUGEES.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SPIN...YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ALWAYS FINDS TROUBLE! BYE!



FOR SEVERAL DAYS THE ZANZIBAR HAS BEEN GOING BUT ONE NIGHT DANGER LURKS NEARBY.



OUT OF MINE-INFESTED WATERS RISES THE COLD SNOUT OF A RAIDING U-BOAT.



KAPITAN, IT IS AN AMERICAN BOAT!

NO MATTER, WE SAY SHE CARRY CONTRABAND. SINK HER AT VANCE.



INSTANTLY A HOVE TORPEDO ZIPS THROUGH THE DARK SEA.



AND WITHOUT WARNING THE ZANZIBAR IS STRUCK A SHIVERING DEATH BLOW.



THE DOOMED SHIP LISTS SHARPLY AS PASSENGERS AND CREW HASTEN TO LIFEBOATS.



THE RADIO OPERATOR STICKS TO HIS POST WIRING S.O.S. CALLS. EVEN AS HE PLUNGES UNDERWATER WITH THE SHIP.

MEANWHILE SPIN IS ON THE SLIP OF A SEAPLANE BASE. AN ENSIGN RUSHES UP TO HIM, TELLING FRANTICALLY.



WHAT THOMSON? YOU'RE TALKING TOO FAST!

THE ZANZIBAR, SIR! IT WAS SUNK A THOUSAND MILES OFF LISBON!

THE ZANZIBAR? BOTH'S ON THAT SHIP. AND OUR BEST MILITARY OBSERVERS! WARM UP MY PLANE, THOMSON!!

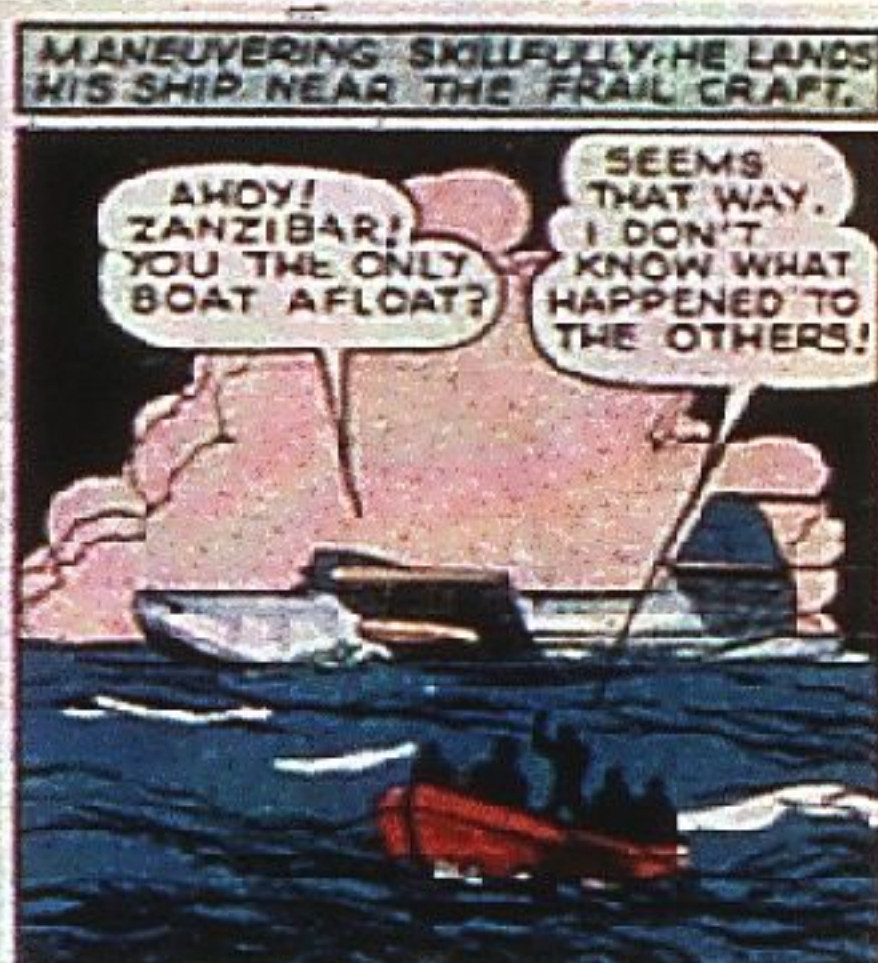


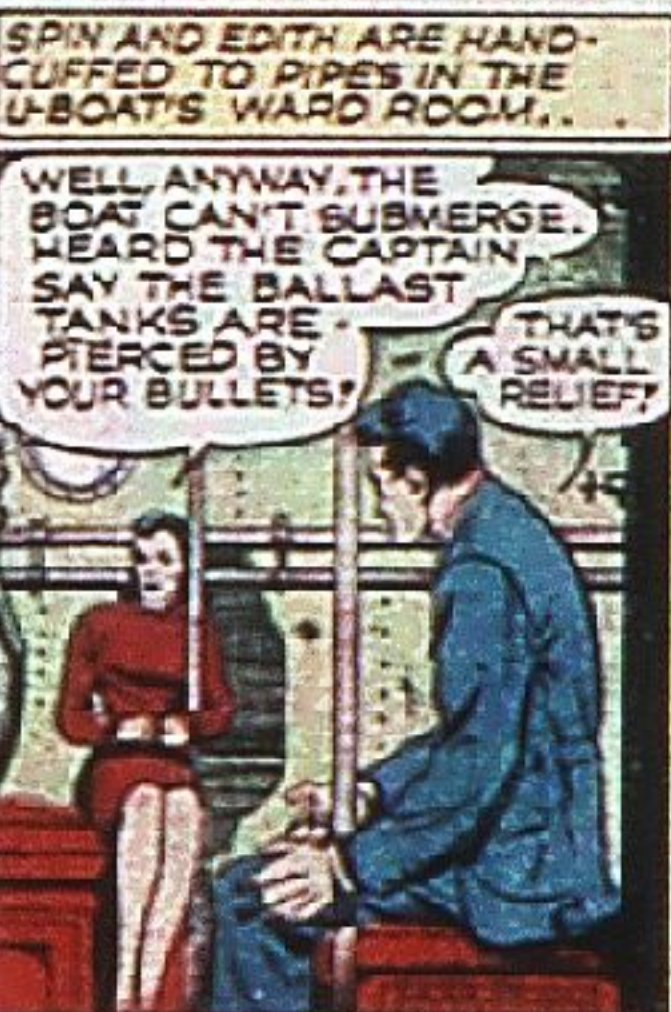
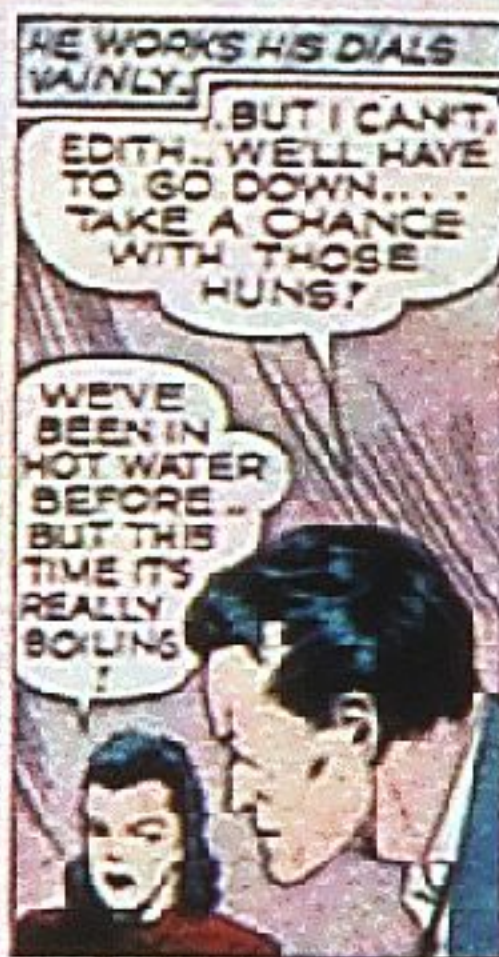
AVE, SIR!

BARE SECONDS LATER, SPIN TAKES OFF.



IF ONLY THE LIFEBOATS GOT FREE BEFORE THE SUCTION COULD TOW 'EM UNDER!





INSIDE THE WARD ROOM THE TWO PRISONERS TRY THEIR BONDS...SUDDENLY...



EDITH! THERE'S A SPLIT LINK ON MY CURRS!

I'LL FINISH THE BREAK!



QUICKLY HE SNATCHES THE KEYS FROM THE WALL.



THERE! YOU'RE FREE... NOW WE'LL TRAIPESE ABOVE...

QUIETLY EDITH FOLLOWS SPIN UP TO THE CONNING TOWER...



SHH-H... THERE'S THE CAPTAIN!

A SHARP BLOW FROM SPIN SENDS THE OFFICER OVERBOARD.



MEANWHILE THE DESTROYER NEARS THE U-BOAT... SPIN WAVES FRANTICALLY...



AHOY! AMERICANS ON BOARD... DON'T SHOOT YET!

JUMP OVERBOARD! WE'RE OUT TO GET THAT RAIDER!

SHELLS STREAM OUT FROM THE DESTROYER, HEADING FOR THE DOOMED RAIDER. IN A THOUSAND-TO-ONE SHOT THE TORPEDO TUBES ARE HIT.



AT THE MOMENT OF CONTACT SPIN AND EDITH DIVE OVER THE RAIL.



THEY ARE QUICKLY PICKED UP BY AMERICAN BUDDIES WHILE THE SURVIVORS OF THE U-BOAT PILE INTO THE DESTROYER'S LIFEBOATS.



O.K., HOP IN FRITZ!

I SURE WISH WE HAD DER FUEHRER HERE TO GIVE HIM A LIL' DUCK-ING TOO!

LATER... ON THE DESTROYER

THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE EH? AND NOW I SUPPOSE YOU'RE STILL GOING TO LISBON, EDITH?



RIGHT! YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD SHAW DOWN CAPN!



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STRONG STANDING POSITION—OFFICIAL

RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION

RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION SIT ON RIGHT KNEE LEFT ELBOW ON LEFT KNEE

RED RYDER PRONE POSITION BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET SPINE IS STRAIGHT

KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU

PLENTY GOOD FOR SHOOTING TARGET YOU BETCHUM!

AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!

NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND

RED TALKS LITTLE BEAVER NOW

RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON

These pictures showing cowboy shooting positions were specially drawn for Daisy and you by Fred Hammer who used to punch cattle on the Colorado Range before he wrote the book "Red Ryder". Now Fred created and drew the popular "Red Ryder" newspaper cartoon. "Red Ryder" and Little Beaver's Cowboy Story. Fred Hammer taught Daisy design the western style cowboy action carbine so you know it's authentic.

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